HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 2007. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1895. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS. *All Rights Reserved.*

WALTER QUINTON GRESHAM.

Died May 28, 1895.—[See Page 530.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 8, 1895.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CONTENTS, NO. 2007.

EDITORIALS.

WALTER QUINTON GRESHAM. With Front-page Portrait. Montgomery Schuyler.

HUGH MCCULLOCH. With Portrait. Frederic Bancroft.

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "Shannon." Illustrated. James Barnes.

LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH Carolina. Illustrated. President G. T. Winston.

THE LUXURIES OF YACHTING. Illustrated. W. J. Henderson.

WHICH ARE YOU? Poem. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURrency. XIV. H. L. N.

THE BUCHANAN CASE.

THE RED COCKADE. Chapter XXIII. Illustrated. Stanley J. Weyman.

CEYLON RAILWAY STATIONS. Illustrated.

A GARDEN. Poem. R. K. Munkittrick.

ALONG THE WATER-FRONT OF Havana. Illustration.

A GREAT GOLF-MATCH. With Portrait. John Reid.

THIS BUSY WORLD. E. S. Martin.

AMATEUR SPORT. The Intercollegiate Athletic Games. Illustrated. Evert J. Wendell, Etc.

THE DEMOCRACY OF NEW YORK.

THE honest Democrats of the State of New York have escaped, for the time being at least, the danger of "harmony." We mean that sort of harmony which consists in a union of the good and the bad elements of the party, destined to result in enabling the bad to disarm the opposition of the good, and to use them for selfish purposes. This process of harmonization was to be effected through the recent convention of the Democratic editors of this State. It had been heralded by a loud blast of trumpets that the machine Democrats and the reform Democrats would, with the old time enthusiasm, rally round the ancient Democratic banner, and, inspired with new confidence, retrieve the disasters that had befallen the party. And among the gathering hosts loomed up the sinister figure of DAVID B. HILL.

It had long been rumored that Senator HILL felt the necessity of reuniting the scattered Democratic ranks very deeply—which no doubt he did—and that he would undertake the task of reorganizing the party. Indeed, the news went forth that he had already made peace with some of his former Democratic antagonists, and was negotiating with others. Perhaps the fact that last winter he had actually dined at the White House, and sat at the same table with President CLEVELAND, has given him in the eyes of some people a certain prestige as a pacificator. But the idea that Mr. HILL, who, only a few months ago, had, as the Democratic candidate for the Governorship, suffered the most crushing and ignominious defeat on record, should now turn up as the leader in the work of party reorganization must have appeared to clear-thinking men extremely grotesque. They naturally thought that a party boss whose political methods and character had been so pungently condemned by the popular voice would be the very last man to be intrusted with the task of determining the lines upon which the discomfited and disheartened legions should be reformed for future combats. It seemed to them that the proper position of a leader bearing such a brand of discredit would be to leave the work of reorganization to men not responsible for former defeats, and modestly to wait at the gate of the new organization until the conditions of his admission should be determined upon.

But Mr. HILL is, of course, not troubled by any scruples of delicacy. His plan of reorganizing the party is very simple. His starting-point is that the HILL-MURPHY machine has all the rights of "regularity," and must be recognized as the legitimate party organization. But he is inclined to be "liberal," to extend to his former opponents "the right hand of fellowship," and to make it easy for them to become members of the regular organization, to obtain a hearing in it, and perhaps also to share in its benefits. He doubtless feels assured that the new recruits would always be in an impotent minority, and that the old firm would simply go on strengthened with new capital. To bring about this result the dulcet tones of "harmony" at the editors' convention were to captivate the hitherto obstreperous Democratic reformers with irresistible charm.

But the scheme failed to work. It failed for two reasons. In the first place, the Democratic reformers would not be captivated. Some of them, instead of personally attending the editors' banquet, sent letters in which, with cruel directness, they remarked that real harmony could be secured only if the party sincerely united on certain principles and policies, if leaders whom the people would not follow were sent to the rear, if bossism and machine methods ceased, and if men of high character were put to the front. Others did attend, and spoke pretty much in the same vein. In the second place, Senator HILL himself did not "harmonize." This unfortunate man furnishes a new proof of the old experience that when an American citizen once has the Presidential bee in his bonnet, he will never get rid of it. Incredible as it may seem, Mr. HILL, even after his phenomenal defeat of last year, still believes himself to be a Presidential possibility. As such he thinks he must not appear as a mere follower of anybody else, and must be in a position enabling him to turn up on different sides of contested questions. Thus, while President CLEVELAND and his administration make a vigorous fight against the silver heresy in every form, Senator HILL feels bound to distinguish himself by an ostentatious demonstration in favor of bimetallism. This he did at the editors' banquet. His speech chilled the assembled Democrats, and they went home shaking their heads. Thus the looked-for "harmony" failed to materialize.

We are far from regretting this failure. Democratic harmony on the terms of Senator HILL—that is, on the basis of the HILL-MURPHY machine—would mean continued Democratic stagnation and impotency. This would be deplorable, not only for the party, but for the public interest. We wish to see the Democratic party morally strong and capable of doing good things, just as we wish to see the Republican party morally strong and capable of doing good things. The moral standard of one party serves to raise or depress the moral standard of the other. Nothing worse can happen to the morals of either party than to have no reason for being afraid of the opposition. The conduct of the Republican Legislature last winter would have been far less scandalous had there been a Democratic party under honest leadership capable of winning the public confidence. Boss PLATT at the head of the Republican organization would hardly be possible but for HILL and MURPHY at the head of the Democracy. As things now stand in the State of New York—to repeat what we said in our last in view of the recent failures of the Republicans—the Democrats will have a good chance at the next State election, unless they appear in a very uninviting shape. And nothing could be more uninviting than an alternative between Boss PLATT on one side and the HILL-MURPHY-Tammany machine on the other.

From such alternatives it was hoped that the organization of the State Democracy would deliver us. But when the State Democracy, or at least a large portion of it, last autumn accepted DAVID B. HILL as the Democratic candidate for the Governorship, it abdicated its mission as a regenerator of the Democratic party and dwindled down to the rank of a local faction. Only those reform Democrats who supported Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER as their candidate remained true to their high purpose. Since Mr. FAIRCHILD has become the chosen leader of the State Democracy there is again reason for hoping that a determined movement for the reformation of the Democratic party in the State may proceed from that organization. Senator HILL'S public utterance on the currency question has given such a movement a new chance. What its leaders need most to improve that chance is the courage of a bold initiative. Every good citizen will wish them success.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST SILVER MONOMETALLISM.

THE campaign in the South against silver monometallism has opened vigorously and auspiciously. The meeting at Memphis was largely attended by business men, farmers, and citizens generally. It was thoroughly representative, and it ought not to be confounded with the bankers' convention, which assembled the day before, and which was an entirely distinct affair. Secretary CARLISLE'S reception was all that he or President CLEVELAND could ask for, and the speech was what was to have been expected from so consummate an orator and so clear an expositor. As the WEEKLY predicted, he did not waste any time in answering the charges of inconsistency that have been made against him. In a subsequent speech at Bowling Green, Kentucky, moved perhaps by an attack which Senator BLACKBURN made upon him, he announced that he proposed to adhere to the doctrine which he now defends, without regard to vituperation or charges of inconsistency, no matter what might happen to him personally or politically. So far as making any impression upon the Secretary or turning him from his purpose, the efforts of the silver men to show that Mr. CARLISLE was once in favor of free coinage will apparently be of no avail. They might as well abandon this line of oratory, and accept the fact that if they are correct, the Secretary of the Treasury has been enlightened, and that they have lost their most effective associate.

Those who are carrying on this campaign in the South are wise in confining it to the issue which the President so tersely set forth in his recent letter to the honest-money men of Chicago. The Secretary of the Treasury and the convention accept Mr. CLEVELAND'S view of the situation. Indeed it can be stated, notwithstanding certain sinister insinuations to the contrary, that Mr. CLEVELAND and the head of the Finance Department of the government have never been at variance on this subject, and that it is not true, as has been reported, that Mr. CARLISLE at first intended to advocate a banking plan and international bimetallism, and that he abandoned his purpose only at the request of the President. It has never been the purpose of any one having the present movement in mind to discuss any question but that which is immediately before the country, as was clear from Mr. CLEVELAND'S letter already mentioned, from the attitude of Congressman PATTERSON, to whom are to be credited the initiatory steps which led up to the convention of Memphis, and now from the speeches of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The politicians who fear the effect on their own fortunes of the war on silver monometallism, and some of the most cunning of the silver men, are preparing to meet the honest-money movement by deprecatory talk about Mr. CLEVELAND'S haste, and by pointing out that this gold monometallic movement is a repetition of the mistake of 1887. A mysterious "American now in London" hopes that the party will not be divided on this question, and that international bimetallism will be pushed to the front. As we have pointed out in the preceding editorial, Senator HILL naturally makes his appearance as a bimetallic critic of the President's policy.

International bimetallism is not before the country. The elections at which the voters are to express their views on the money question will not be held until next year, but international bimetallism will not then be a question to which this country can make any response. International bimetallism is a thing that is in the air. The German legislative body in one or both of its Houses may express a desire for the settlement of the silver question by a congress of nations. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR may exercise his ingenuity to the utmost in trying to demonstrate that silver and gold may be made like reservoirs of water, and that commerce may be the syphon which will draw now from one and then from the other, always keeping the level even. The Lancashire spinners may long for the stability of the rupee, and hope for the coming statesmen who will beat nature and stop the fluctuations of silver. London correspondents may inform the world at intervals that the bimetallic sentiment is growing in England. Nevertheless, no nation has actually invited the other nations to a conference, and there is no sign that any nation will take the first necessary step. Certainly the United States will not. Even the most ardent silver men will not have the hardihood to suggest that this country shall again issue the invitation. An international conference is not at hand, and if it were, an agreement in favor of international free coinage at an agreed ratio is as remote as it ever was. Whatever is to happen concerning this subject, the Presidential and Congressional election will come and go before anything can be accomplished, and in the mean time the people of the United States must give an answer to the monetary question that will then be put to them; and the mysterious "American now in London" and Senator HILL may rest assured that if the Democratic party does not answer it correctly, its candidate will be defeated. It cannot win the confidence of the country by harmonic false pretences about international bimetallism. Either an honest-money Republican or a free-silver Republican will be able to defeat a free-silver Democrat, other things being equal. The only chance that the Democrats will have for success will be through the nomination of an honest-money Democrat against a free-coinage or doubtful Republican.

The question which the country will answer is this: "Shall we have silver monometallism?" That is the only practical question that can be answered at the next election, and afterwards by the President and the Congress chosen at that election. The people are not to vote merely for the purpose of expressing the hope that some day some European nation may invite a conference, and that the result of such a conference will be an international agreement to establish an international ratio and universal free coinage. They are to elect law-makers

who are expected to incorporate the beliefs and principles of the majority into statutes, and if that majority is for the restoration of silver as a money metal there is only one statute that its representatives can pass, for it is to be assumed that even the silver men themselves are weary of the costly experiment of silver-purchasing acts. They can, and will, pass an act providing that this government, alone and independent of the rest of the civilized world, shall coin all the silver that may be presented at its mints at the ratio of 16 to 1. And this would be to establish silver monometallism. What the result of such a step would be is clear to every intelligent mind that fully grasps the significance of the panic of 1893, and of the attitude of the commercial nations towards this country. If trade stood still and prices fell and general ruin stared us in the face in the presence of a mere threat of silver monometallism, what will be the result when the decree has gone forth and gold has taken its departure?

But it is not our intention to discuss those results at this time, but to show that the silver question before the country at the next election will be that of monometallism. It cannot possibly be otherwise; and those who are carrying on the honest-money movement in the South are wise in confining their discussion to the exact issue before the country. Some day international bimetallism may present itself for settlement, but in this struggle it is a far-away theory that is employed by silver men and selfish politicians for the confusion of the minds of men who, let alone, would decide on the side of honesty and common-sense.

REFORMS IN TURKEY.

THE general plan proposed by England, Russia, and France for reform in the provinces of Turkey follows suggestions that have been made from time to time, chief among which are the appointment of a High Commissioner, a general amnesty for crimes and offences other than those against the common law, the rehearing of certain trials, the stopping of pending political trials, the release of prisoners, and the appointment of a commission to sit at Constantinople and be associated with the High Commissioner in supervising the reforms.

Somewhat more in detail, the reforms are divided into three sections. The administrative reforms include the appointment of Mohammedan and Christian governors and vice-governors in the provinces of Turkey east of Sivas for terms of five years and with the approval of the powers. This is recommended rather than required. The financial reforms include the collection of taxes by municipal agents instead of by soldiers or treasury agents. The taxes are to be paid into the treasury of the district receiver, to be forwarded to the departmental receiver, and in turn to the receiver-general. Each body, however, is to retain in its own treasury enough to cover the expenses of local administration. The judicial reforms extend the powers of the magistrates, and the procedure in the courts of first instance will be established on a more regular footing. A special commission is to see that no Turkish subject is imprisoned without regular warrant of arrest, and also that the accused is to be examined within the period prescribed by law, and released without delay in the event of acquittal. Every kind of physical torture is to be abandoned. The number of Christian judges is to be increased in proportion to the number of Christian inhabitants in any district. There is also to be a mixed gendarmerie, recruited in equal numbers from Mohammedans and Christians. The Kurds are to be retained in the Hamidieh cavalry, but are to keep their arms during the periods of exercise only; at other times the weapons are to be stored at the depots guarded by the regular troops. Another clause provides that the government shall enforce the legal provisions with regard to religious confession, and insure perfect freedom of religious belief.

At first sight this is a very formidable list of reforms. It must be confessed, however, that the impression is not altogether favorable. As has been repeatedly said, Turkey has laws enough now. All that is needed is an enforcement of those laws. To undertake to change the entire administration of such a country involves an amount of detail and an amount of education that can hardly be expected in any short period of years. The simple fact is that the value of the whole thing depends solely upon the personal character of the man or men who are put in charge of the country. That there are men in Turkey, like FUAD Pasha, who are perfectly competent to do this work and do it well, no one who knows Turkey doubts; but whether such men will come to the front every one hesitates to affirm. The crucial test is not the appointment of these governors, but their removal in case they fail to do their work. To put a man with regard to whom nobody knows anything in charge of a province, with no possibility of his removal under five years, may work untold misery and disaster. Put the same man in charge of the province, with the knowledge that his acts will be under the direct supervision of governments which are entirely independent of the Sultan, and which have the power to secure his removal at the shortest notice, and there is a fair probability of his accomplishing some good. We confess that this looks very much like an elaborate scheme to throw dust in the eyes of the Christian people until these same three powers get ready to parcel out Turkey among themselves. It will secure temporary alleviation, but that it will accomplish real improvement we confess we do not believe.

There is one thing more to be kept in mind. It is in a degree unfortunate that attention has been so entirely focussed upon Eastern Turkey. The situation throughout Asia Minor and Mesopotamia is only a little less serious than that in the provinces of Bitlis, Van, and Erzrum. There has, indeed, been no massacre, but there has been, and there still is, that constant grinding oppression of injustice which accomplishes in a very few years far more of wrong than the fiendish outbreaks at Sassun. What is needed is not merely to improve the condition in Eastern Turkey. It is to compel Turkey to redeem her promises of 1856, affirmed in 1867, and reaffirmed in 1878, for the whole empire. That is what is to be done. Any effort to govern Turkey on European methods through Turkish administrators will utterly fail. If the Turkish administrators are to remain, they must use Turkish methods, but must be made to use them under the direct and authoritative supervision of Europe. European methods can be used only by Europeans, which means the destruction of the Turkish government. Any effort to combine the two on any extended scale is foredoomed to failure.

THE DEBS DECISION.

EUGENE DEBS and his associates of the American Railway Union must go to prison for contempt of court. The country is to be congratulated on the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, because our highest tribunal has declared that the government may protect its property, enforce its rights, and exercise its powers in such a case through the medium of the courts.

DEBS disobeyed an injunction issued by the United States courts to restrain him and his mob from interfering with the transportation of the mails and inter-State commerce. The interference of the courts was denounced by the friends of anarchy as "unwarranted" and "unconstitutional." It was certainly a new proceeding, as the assertion by Attorney-General OLNEY that the President could call on the government to protect the mails and to keep open the highways which are traversed by the commerce between the States was also a new and vigorous expression of national authority.

All doubt has been brushed aside by the Supreme Court, speaking through an unusually vigorous opinion by Justice BREWER. As the law stands, the government of the United States, through its courts, can prevent the commission of any act, or can punish the person offending, as it can interfere with its army acting as a police force. Wherever the whole country has interests, the United States can protect them against the assaults of individuals. The law as now laid down is contained in Justice BREWER's summing up. Its essence is to be found in these words: "We hold that the government of the United States is one having jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory, and acting directly upon each citizen; that while it is a government of enumerated powers, it has within the limits of those powers all the attributes of sovereignty."

After this all combinations or unions of men who propose to bring their employers to terms by obstructing traffic, stopping the mails, and bringing the railroads, and the business dependent upon their regular operation, to a standstill, will understand that they must reckon with the United States. It is always better for the healthful political life of a community that all revolts against the law shall be prevented or punished by the local authorities and the local police. But the power to do this must be accompanied by the will to do it on the part of those who for the moment are in authority. When this will or inclination is wanting, however, appeal must be made to the national arm, when the crime is within the national jurisdiction. When war is made upon inter-State commerce within a State whose Governor is a friend of anarchy, and in a city whose Mayor is afraid of the anarchist vote, there will be no hesitation after this decision in the DEBS case as to the course to pursue. The United States courts are not afraid of the local vote, and the officers and soldiers of the United States army are not dependent for their employment on the good-will of lawbreakers. Hereafter, if the country shall unhappily be treated to another Chicago railroad riot, there will probably be less discussion as to the powers of the general government and prompter action. The railroads engaged in carrying the mails and in carrying on inter-State commerce are now under the protection of the courts and the executive power of the United States.

A SUMMER NOVELTY.

IN the choice of vacations there is infinite variety, especially for those who are not limited by the question of expense, and a choice which is believed to be unique has been made by the French actress SARAH BERNHARDT. Instead of continuing during the summer the round of extravagance and excitement which makes up her career, she will play in real life the part of a peasant. In a plain and undistinguished hamlet she has rented an ordinary peasant's cottage. There she proposes to pass the summer, living very much as her neighbors live, with just enough of attendance to protect her against the possible dangers of her own cooking.

Such a vacation is wise; such an experience cannot but be valuable. One is always a gainer from getting "near to nature's heart." One gets a deeper insight into humanity when it is studied at close range; one gets a broader judgment when the observations include widely divergent classes. And the nearer to the soil one gets, among the dull and unrewarded toilers of the earth, the nearer one gets to the primitive ideas of mankind, to the emotions and impressions that antedate modern civilization.

In this country we have no peasant class; our rudest village has hardly any resemblance to the average French hamlet. Such a life as the French peasant leads is not possible in this country. But it might be well for some of us to follow Madame BERNHARDT's example in the choice of a vacation. It is possible to live cheaply and soberly and withal pleasantly in the quiet of country life. It is possible to get near to nature's heart and to enter into the lives and thoughts of the lowly here and everywhere. There are rest and seclusion away from the busy centres, and there are many who would profit by seeking it. One can hardly imagine a better tonic for a mind wearied by the exactions of fashion and sated with splendor than a summer spent as the great French actress proposes to spend it.

TWO WORTHY KNIGHTS.

THE republic of letters ought to welcome the knighting of WALTER BESANT and HENRY IRVING. It is true, as has been said by some of the republicans themselves, that WALTER BESANT and HENRY IRVING are no greater for the Sir that has been prefixed to their names by the Queen at the suggestion of Lord ROSEBERY. SCOTT was not made famous by his baronetcy, nor did TENNYSON's poetry acquire new grace by reason of his peerage. It has been said that Sir WALTER BESANT may reflect that his literature has brought to him the self-same honor that has been bestowed upon another for the brewing of beer, and that Sir HENRY IRVING's art has simply made him the equal of many a successful money-changer. It is true that the honors of knighthood and the peerage are conferred by the royalty of Great Britain for many and diverse gifts, and on account of many and diverse, sometimes discordant, achievements. To the greatest honors of the empire men are even born, so that if they who achieve distinction esteem their decorations by the company in which they find themselves, they may properly put a low estimate upon them.

But this is not only true of the Queen's knighthood and peerage; it is true of all material honors that men achieve. The artist, the poet, the master of harmony, can win nothing greater in substance than he who loans millions to governments, or packs pork, or "strikes oil." Wealth and the comforts that wealth gives are what our successful men gain in this country, and these are open to those who follow any honest calling, and to some who follow quite other callings. As for the spiritual rewards, and for inscriptions in the book of fame, they are different. Queens cannot regulate or govern these things. All that they can do is to grant the outward honors which the law permits, and to recognize merit as best they may.

What is fine and encouraging about such rewards as have been bestowed upon Mr. BESANT and Mr. IRVING is the government's recognition of artistic and literary achievement. In our own land the government can do very little to encourage art or letters, and it does even that little with a great lack of intelligence. But it is one of the saving graces of our English-speaking race that its great constitutional monarchy counts among its rich possessions its arts and its literature and bestows upon men who achieve distinction in them the same honors that it bestows upon those who are distinguished in politics, in war, and in science. It is true that the distribution of its honors among the workers in art and letters has not always been wise. But because SHAKESPEARE was not made a peer in a narrow and intolerant age, is no reason why IRVING should throw back the ribbon that marks the crown's recognition of the stage. Because lordships were not conferred on JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, THACKERAY, DICKENS, BROWNING, and a host of other geniuses whose intimate thoughts will be the dear possession of a people when kings and queens will be simply empty names, BESANT ought not to turn his back on his well-won distinction. Because the crown is often foolish, besotted, ignorant, there is no reason to refuse encouragement to it when it chances to be enlightened.

It is an honorable distinction to the present occupant of the British throne, and to the Premier who advised her, that among the knights of her reign are these two representatives of the fine arts—one the representative of the art of acting, never heretofore so honored, and the other the representative of the art of fiction. As Sir HENRY IRVING himself said, almost prophetically, in a lecture given at the Royal Institution last February: "Official recognition of anything worthy is a good, or at least a useful thing. It is a part, and an important part, of the economy of the state: if it is not, of what use are titles and distinctions, names, ribbons, badges, offices, in fact, all the titular and sumptuary ways of distinction? Systems and courts, titles and offices, have all their part in a complex and organized civilization."

And in this spirit we on this side of the water who have read Sir WALTER BESANT, and have seen Sir HENRY IRVING, deriving from both large instruction and keen enjoyment, can, without believing in patents of nobility, congratulate our kinsmen over sea that they have a government which honors the arts as it honors bravery in war and wisdom in politics.

WALTER QUINTON GRESHAM.

BY MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

THE proclamation of the President upon the occasion of the death of the Secretary of State arrested the attention of the country not less than the event itself, it was so impressively different from the perfunctory and official language in which such announcements are customarily made by the Executive. "The President, in making this distressing announcement to his fellow-countrymen, speaks from the depth of a personal bereavement to remind them that they, too, have lost a pure and able public servant, a wise and patriotic guardian of their rights and interests, a manly and loyal American, and a generous and lovable man."

No eulogy could be more fitting and more exact. Such a career as that of Walter Quinton Gresham was never very common, and it is now less frequent than in former generations, but every such career is one of the glories of America, for it could be run in no other land than ours. Secretary Gresham had but just passed his "grand climacteric," having been born March 17, 1832, in a farm-house in Harrison County, Indiana. That region was then more remote from the civilization of the Atlantic seaboard than any part of the United States is to-day. The life of it was still the life of the struggles and hardships of the frontier. His father was a "backwoods sheriff," and was killed in the attempt to capture an outlaw. The boy grew up in hard work upon his father's farm, and for education, beyond the rude instruction of the frontier school, he was put upon his own resources. By the help of a clerkship in the office of the county auditor, he worked his way through a school of higher grade, the Corydon Seminary, and through one year of the "university" at Bloomington. Another "clerkship," properly an opportunity to do copying for hire, sustained him during his study of the law in Corydon, and in 1854 he was admitted to the bar. As was the almost invariable rule in the West at that time, the pursuit of politics went with that of law. The formation of the Republican party almost exactly coincided with his arrival at manhood, and into its cause he threw himself with the ardor that animated so many thousands of generous American youths. His partner was a delegate to the convention that nominated Fremont, and young Gresham made an active campaign upon what was very likely literally "the stump" in his district of Indiana. In 1860 he was elected to the Legislature, and the next year, when the contest had become one of arms, he refused a re-election to enlist in the Thirty-eighth Indiana as a private; although he was already the captain of a company of militia, and although he was almost immediately commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment. His first battle was at Shiloh, and at Vicksburg he first met Grant, who united with Sherman, his immediate commander, in recommending him after the surrender, by reason of his conduct during the siege, for a commission as Brigadier-General, which he accordingly received. He was in command of Natchez at a time when the chief work of that command was to prevent the smuggling of cotton, at which more than one commander of such a post was induced to connive. But General Gresham was not only inaccessible to such temptations, but took such rigorous measures against the speculators as to discourage their operations within the limits of his command, and to earn for himself the hatred which he was afterwards, in a more peaceful sphere, to excite among their kind. He was called to the field again to join Sherman's advance, and before Atlanta received a painful wound in the knee, which disabled him from further active service during the war, and from the effect of which he never completely recovered; but he received in compensation, in March, 1865, the brevet of a Major-General of Volunteers for "gallant and meritorious conduct."

This "war record" would have been enough—indeed, a less distinguished record has been enough—to furnish the sole working capital of many a politician; but it was by no means enough to satisfy General Gresham. So far from it, that while many men are well enough informed to know in detail about the career of Judge Gresham, and while, of course, all men are familiar with the career of Secretary Gresham, perhaps a majority of intelligent Americans needed to be reminded by the military funeral ordered by the Secretary of War that the brave and upright magistrate, and the brave and patriotic secretary, had also been a brave and distinguished soldier. It is in this versatility that the Americanism of his career in part consists, and in part in the progress from the humblest to the highest stations; but it consists also, and in larger part, in its showing that downright manliness and faithful public service still have the power to gain the confidence of the American people, that "corruption wins not more than honesty," and that the simple man is surer than the crafty man of solid and lasting success.

Upon leaving the army, General Gresham resumed the practice of his profession at New Albany, and sought only professional success, refusing the offers from President Grant of the Collectorship of New Orleans and the District Attorneyship of Indiana. He consented, however, to become twice the candidate of his party for Congress, but was both times defeated by Michael C. Kerr, afterwards the Speaker. He did, however, accept, in 1869, President Grant's appointment to be District Judge for Indiana, and he soon established his judicial character. During the twelve years in which he administered this judgeship not one of his decisions was reversed. He was called from the bench to the cabinet of President Arthur as Postmaster-General in 1883, and his political career really dates from that time. His administration was marked by a rigid enforcement of the existing laws and the procurement of more stringent laws against the lotteries. Upon the death of Judge Folger he took the Treasury, but only *ad interim*, for his real ambition was professional, and President Arthur appointed him as Circuit Judge for the Seventh District. In that capacity he rendered signal public services, the most signal, perhaps, being his disposition of the Wabash cases, in 1886, when, in defiance and contempt of the same sort of influences against which he had contended at Natchez, he gave the Wabash system into the safe and honest custody of Judge Cooley as receiver.

Meanwhile, as the strongest rival in the Republican party of Indiana to General Harrison, some of whose supporters he had had occasion judicially to disturb, Judge Gresham began to be considered as a Presidential possibility. Hitherto he had been a steadfast Republican, but when the tariff became the predominant issue he made it plain that he could go no further with his old party; and in a speech made in New York in 1884, during the Blaine campaign, he had insisted that there should be a reduction of the duties and of the surplus. Such a declaration, coming from a member of President Arthur's cabinet, as he then was, necessarily caused the author of it to be regarded as "unsound," and this unsoundness, as well as his courageous and upright course upon the bench, caused the nomination of the People's party to be implicitly offered to him in 1888, though it was explicitly rejected. It did not prevent him, however, from being a candidate before the Presidential convention of the Republican party, in which he received upon one ballot 123 votes. In 1892, after the McKinley bill became law, his way of thinking had deviated so widely from his party's way of acting that he publicly declared his intention of voting for Cleveland, and adding an expression of his belief that such a vote would not convert him into a Democrat. Doubtless this letter was of great service to the Democratic cause, so high was its author's standing, and so great the public confidence in him; and doubtless it was in recognition of this service, as well as of the qualities that made it possible, and of the aid that had been brought to the Democratic canvass by old Republicans, that the President offered to Judge Gresham, and urged upon him, the Secretaryship of State, which he accepted with undoubtedly sincere reluctance. That the experiment was successful in its personal aspects is clear from the feeling words in which the President has expressed his sense of his own loss. That it has been successful in its national and international aspects is yet more clear. Indeed, the traditions of the State Department were in need of restoration, and they have been restored. This is not the place for a review of Judge Gresham's administration, the events of which are too recent to need reviewing. It has made evident the purpose of the government to do justice, to undo injustice, to insist upon our rights and to recognize the rights of others, to preserve our dignity, and to preserve it by carefully avoiding bluster. It is safe to say that the reputation of the United States as a civilized power, which shows stability, reasonableness, and self-respect in its foreign relations, is higher than it was when Judge Gresham became Secretary of State.

HUGH McCULLOCH.*

HUGH McCULLOCH.

EX-SECRETARY MCCULLOCH who died at his home in Prince George's County, Maryland, May 24th, was the last survivor of Lincoln's cabinet. He was the only Cabinet officer who ever served under three administrations, excepting Joseph Habersham, of Georgia, who was Postmaster-General under Washington, Adams, and Jefferson.

Born in Maine in 1808, he was reared in a community dominated by the rigid Calvinistic creed that made a willingness to be damned for the glory of God the test of Christian faith. Owing to ill health he left Bowdoin College in the middle of his course. He taught school for a few years, and then studied law in Maine and in Boston.

In 1833 he went West, and soon settled in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Mr. McCulloch had been practising law but a short time when he abandoned it to become cashier and manager of the Fort Wayne branch of the State Bank of Indiana. At the expiration of its charter, in 1857, he became the President of the Bank of the State of Indiana.

* From a portrait kindly furnished by James Gordon Bennett.

By 1863 his ability as a financier had become so well known that he was earnestly invited by Secretary Chase to accept the Comptrollership of the Treasury. This was all the more complimentary from the fact that he had announced his opposition to the national banking laws then recently enacted. His opinion of the banking system which it created soon changed, however, and he administered the duties of Comptroller with such skill that in March, 1865, President Lincoln offered him the Secretaryship of the Treasury.

At that time this was undoubtedly the most important office under the President. The war was nearing its close, the army would soon be disbanded, and its more than half a million men must erelong be paid in full. The national debt amounted to about twenty-seven hundred million dollars. The credit of the nation was weakened and still further threatened by the legal-tender notes, whose large issue had grown out of the exigencies of the war. Within a very few months Secretary McCulloch had found means to meet all the matured obligations of the government, and was devising a way for the payment of the others. Henceforth his chief aim was to provide for the return to specie payments, and so to systematize the national debt as to make its payment certain and easy in the not distant future. He won the confidence of the banks and of the people to such a remarkable degree that his task proved to be much less difficult than was anticipated.

The highest praise of his ability as a financier is found in the fact that most of the strong points in our present system of national finances have received his direct aid and encouragement, while most of the weak ones have been continued against his protests. The open secret of his great success as a financier is that he knew political economy as a scholar, and was able to apply its principles with the sagacity of a man of business. He was what might be called a practical theorist.

While the war was in progress Mr. McCulloch favored the greatest rigor. But after the South had been conquered, he at once realized that a stable peace and the early return of prosperity could be secured only by giving the Southern States over to the control of their own leading citizens. He was one of the early supporters of President Johnson's policy, but he did not fail to see the folly of the President's course in alienating Republicans without obtaining the real sympathy of the best Democrats. He continued in office to the end of Johnson's administration.

From 1871 to 1878 Mr. McCulloch was engaged in banking in London. During the year 1875 he wrote a long series of letters on financial questions to the New York *Tribune*. These letters treated in a popular vein the financial conditions in France and the characteristics of the French people, the credit of the United States, specie payments, the financial policies of different States, paper money, and many other subjects. The kindly spirit and the general learning shown in these letters attracted wide attention, and they had an extensive educational and political influence.

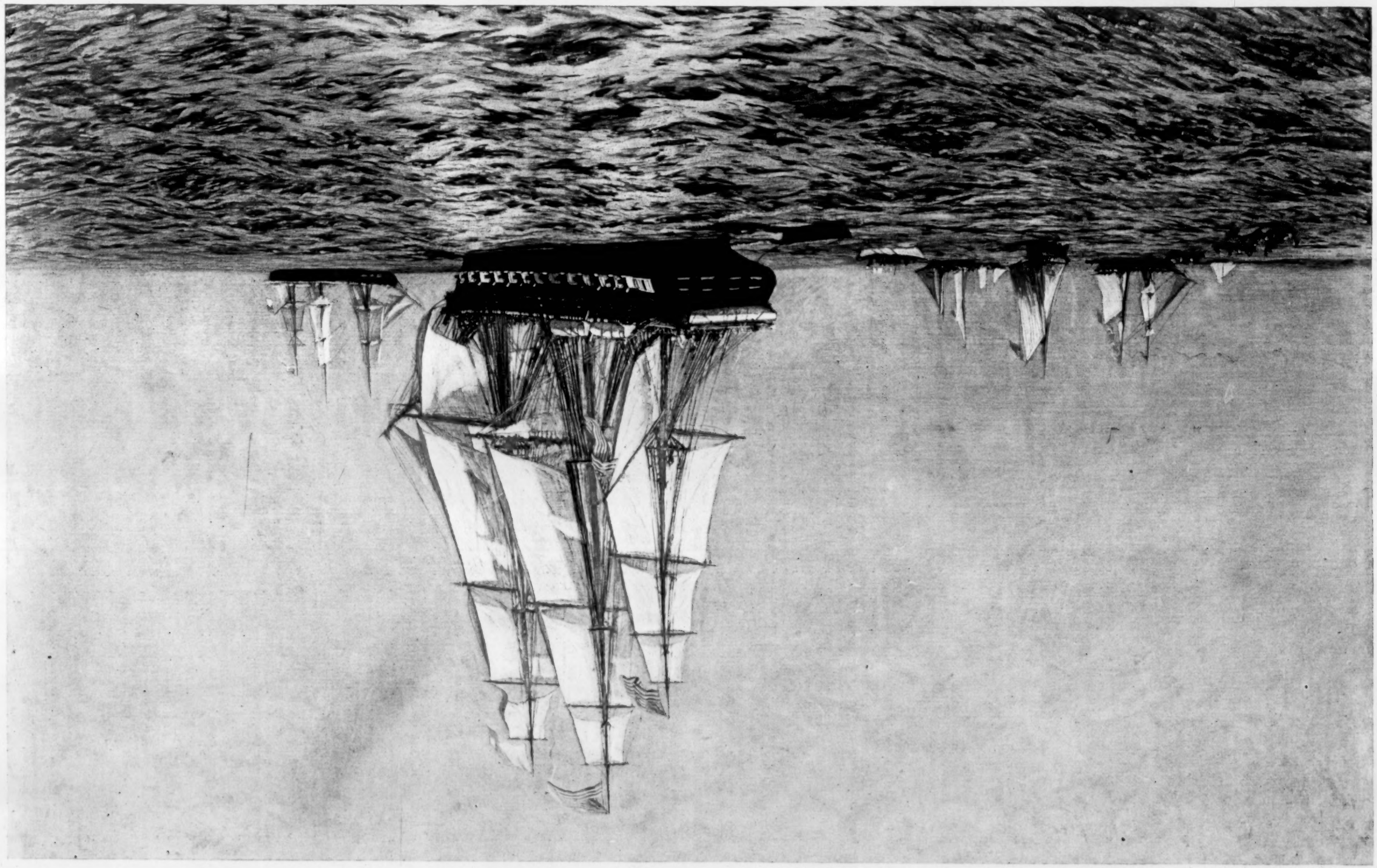
Mr. McCulloch seems never to have accepted the tariff ideas of his party. As far back as 1874 he said, in a letter to Cincinnati merchants: "In its essential character, a protective tariff is a barbarism. Such a tariff may be defended for a time, like our irredeemable currency, on the ground of necessity, but not as a permanent policy." He believed that a good tariff bill could be prepared only by a commission outside of Congress, selected with great care.

The ex-Secretary once said of himself: "I am in no sense a teacher. My opinions upon these subjects [money and taxation] are valuable only as the opinions of one who has given to them some thought, and who has been influenced in his conclusions neither by personal nor political (party) considerations." This was a mistake; he was too modest. In the spring of 1879 he consented to give a course of seven lectures at Harvard University. He selected for his subjects Money, Bimetallic Money, The Representatives of Money, The National Banking System, National Debts and Foreign and Domestic Exchange, Taxation, and Capital and Labor. These lectures, as published, show that he possessed the learning, clearness of expression, and, what is rarer, the practical experience in finance, which are the qualities of a great teacher. To all who have heard or read his lectures or writings he made finance seem to be both a science and a business, as it was to himself.

On the resignation of Walter Q. Gresham he was again called to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, by President Arthur, in October, 1884. His report on the financial condition of the country, made a few weeks later, was the ablest and clearest of its kind of recent years. It created much comment throughout the country on account of its sharp criticism of our tariff laws and its explicit recommendations of a return to freer trade. Although his ideas met with favor on the part of President Arthur and of many of the Republican leaders, the party did not act on his suggestions. It was natural, therefore, that when, in 1888, the issue was made between high protection and a revenue tariff, he should vote for the re-election of President Cleveland.

The ex-Secretary told the story of his life and reviewed the leading political events of his time with charming simplicity and candor in a large volume, called *Men and Measures of Half a Century*, published in 1888. He possessed the happy faculty of seeing all that was best in those with whom he came in contact, and this trait characterized his memoirs. In 1891 he published a volume of *Addresses, Speeches, Lectures, and Letters on Various Subjects* (William H. Lepley, Washington, D.C.), being selections from his numerous productions since 1861. He discussed economical questions of the present and of the distant past with equal clearness and independence. And the rare art of giving to all discussion the simple guise of truth-seeking, of which the wise and shrewd Franklin was such a master, Mr. McCulloch seemed to have by natural endowment. His later years were spent on his country estate in Maryland, and in Washington.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.



THE "CHESAPEAKE" GOING TO MEET THE "SHANNON."—SCENE OFF BOSTON HARBOR, JUNE 1, 1813.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[See Page 532.]

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON."

(JUNE 1, 1813.)

BY JAMES BARNES.

"Let shouts of victory for laurels won
Give place to grief for Lawrence, Valor's Son.
The warrior who was e'er his country's pride
Has for that country bravely, nobly died."
—*From "An Elegy in Remembrance of James Lawrence, Esquire," published in June, 1813.*

IN all history it is customary to count the incidents of unsuccessful but heroic resistance to the honor and glory of the nation. The historians of Great Britain in all their works rightly take this stand in detailing the actions between their vessels and those of the little navy of the United States. There is on record in our annals the story of an unsuccessful engagement that cannot but reflect credit on our naval commanders and our flag.

Jack Tar is more superstitious than any class of man. He fears Friday, and is on the constant lookout for omens and portents. Give a ship an unlucky name and it counts against her in securing a good crew. The *Chesapeake* was an unlucky vessel. Before war had been declared between Great Britain and the United States, on the 22d of June, 1807, manned by a green crew under the command of Commodore Barron, she had left Hampton Roads. This was during the time that England was employing her assumed "Right of Search," that led to the struggle five years later.

Taken at a disadvantage, she was humiliated by being compelled to lower her flag to H.M.S. *Leopard* after the latter had poured in several destructive broadsides without return. The *Chesapeake* had three men killed and eighteen wounded, and her commander was forced to submit to the kidnapping of four alleged deserters from his crew. The vessel had proved herself a slow sailer, and had accomplished nothing in her cruises. In March, 1813, she was lying in Boston Harbor, her complement of men not filled and her armament incomplete.

The gallant Lawrence, who in the command of the sloop of war *Hornet* had endeavored to force an action, as has been related in a previous paper, with the *Bonne Citoyenne*, and had taken the *Peacock*, had applied for the command of the *Constitution*.

High-spirited and sensitive, he had taken offence at the manner in which his request was received. The Secretary of the Navy entailed the condition that if neither Captain Porter nor Captain Evans applied for the command of "Old Ironsides," Lawrence could have her. Objecting to this treatment, he was given the appointment unconditionally, but the next day, to his chagrin, he received a recall of the order, and, after some vexations, counter-instructions to take command of the *Chesapeake*, then lying in Boston Roads. Lawrence was prejudiced against this ship, and disgruntled at his peculiar treatment, but to his respectful remonstrances the Secretary of the Navy vouchsafed no reply, and the gallant officer pocketed his pride and went on board his unfortunate command.

British vessels of war were a common sight from any hill along the New England coast. Outfitting at Halifax, they hovered about, and were in constant communication with one another, the smaller vessels seldom straying far from their towering guard-ships.

While Lawrence was endeavoring to teach the green crew of the *Chesapeake* something of discipline and man-of-war customs, a strange sail boldly made in to the entrance of Boston Roads.

She tacked about, flying signals of defiance. It was the *Shannon* (38), a prime vessel, magnificently equipped for the express purpose of meeting a Yankee frigate. She had an unusually numerous crew of picked men, thoroughly disciplined and well officered. She was commanded by Captain Broke, a fearless and able officer, one of the best in the service of Great Britain, a man who feared no danger, and fought with desire to gain reputation and glory. He had dismissed the *Tenedos*, line-of-battle ship, and wished to fight alone.

In Low's *Great Battles of the British Navy* he speaks of Captain Broke sending a formal challenge to the captain of the *Chesapeake* to come out and meet "ship to ship, to try the fortunes of our respective flags." The English writer adds that "the redoubtable Captain Lawrence was not backward in accepting the challenge."

This challenge, a model of the stilted courtesy and frank gallantry of the day, was never received by the American commander, despite the statement. It might have made some difference, for it stated the number of men, guns, and armament.

To Captain Broke's honor be it said that he sought no favor and he had no fear. An American publication speaks in the following words: "It is to be deeply regretted that Captain Lawrence did not receive this gallant challenge, as it would have given him time to put his ship in proper order, and spared him the necessity of hurrying out in his unprepared condition to so formidable and momentous an encounter."

The English exploited in verse and song the victory they gained. A series of paintings and engravings representing different phases of the engagement was designed by Captain R. H. King, R.N., and painted by Schetky, and dedicated to Captain Sir Philip Bowes Vere Broke, Bart., R.N.K.C.B. The King, on hearing the news of the capture, is reported to have clapped his hands.

That Lawrence fought the action contrary to his own judgment, and was not sanguine of victory, is shown by a letter in Lawrence's own hand, written on board the *Chesapeake*, and sent off by the pilot; for the American vessel, as she left the harbor, was surrounded by a fleet of small craft, which came out to see the action. This is addressed, "James Cox, Esq., Merchant, New York."

The following is a copy of the letter, which is now in possession of the author:

"*June 1st.*

"DEAR JAMES,—By the enclosed you will perceive that Bainbridge and myself have had a serious difference. It is in a measure, however, done away, in consequence of an explanation had last evening. You will pay him one and one-half twentieths of my prize-money, and demand the same resulting from the capture of the *Java*.... An English frigate is close in with the light-house, and we are now clearing ship for action.

"Should I be so unfortunate as to be taken off, I leave my wife and children to your care, and feel confident that you will behave to them the same as if they were your own. Remember me affectionately to our good mother, and believe me, Sincerely yours,

"JAMES LAWRENCE.

"P. S.—10 A.M. The frigate is plain in sight from our decks, and we are now getting under way."

Trouble soon came; the crew that had never sailed under Lawrence before acted in a listless, half-hearted manner. A villanous boatswain's mate, a Portuguese, showed signs of mutinous conduct; for immediately after the *Chesapeake* was under way, and Lawrence had addressed a few words to the crew assembled in the waist, this scoundrel replied in an insolent manner, complaining that he had not received prize-money which had been due, he claimed, for some time past. It was impossible, in view of the fact that he was entirely unacquainted with the characters of his crew, for Captain Lawrence to notice this conduct in the manner it deserved. He had had no time to gain their affections or obtain influence through his personality.

Imagine the scene! With the enemy waiting in the offing, the disaffected ones were taken to the cabin and there paid the money that they claimed was owing them. As Lawrence looked about, he longed for the Yankee tars that had served under him in the *Hornet* and that he had hoped to command in the *Constitution*. His heart must have failed him.

Up went the flag. The English had learned to read without the glass, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," the motto painted on it.

As the *Chesapeake* approached, the English vessel hauled off shore.

It was a beautiful summer day. The water was rippled, and there was little or no swell. It was a day for target practice. The small craft either held back or had been left behind as the two combatants, sailing in silence, drew away from shore.

At 4 P.M. the *Chesapeake* fired a gun. The *Shannon* braced back her main-topsail and hove to. The smoke from the first shot had cleared away, and the vessels manœuvred for some minutes to gain the advantage.

Lawrence must have seen that it would have been better had he listened to the counsels of Bainbridge and others, who had advised him not to seek a meeting just at that time. It was evident that the *Shannon* was the better sailer. Several times the newly rove running-gear of the *Chesapeake* jammed in the blocks. Her crew were confused, and the men did not know their numbers at the guns. All exertions were made, however; but, after having been for some time within pistol-shot, broadsides were fired with tremendous execution. The first broadside that the *Chesapeake* received was a catastrophe in itself. The double-shotted guns of the enemy tore great breaks in her bulwarks, and officers who had occupied positions of great danger fell in every part of the ship. The first shot killed Mr. White, the sailing-master. The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Ballard, received a mortal wound; and at this same moment Captain Lawrence was shot through the leg with a musket-ball from the *Shannon's* tops. He made no outcry, but leaning against the companionway for support, continued to give his orders in a cool, firm voice. The ships were now so close that the powder smoke blackened their white streaks, and three broadsides were exchanged in quick succession that were frightful in their results.

The English had placed expert riflemen in their tops, and three men were shot from the *Chesapeake's* wheel, each taking the spokes as the other fell. The American ship fell off from her proper course, and the *Shannon* veering close, her after-port was caught by the *Chesapeake's* anchor. The ill luck of the latter vessel had followed her. For some time she could not bring a gun to bear, while the Englishman from his foremost guns raked her upper decks, killing and wounding the greater portion of the men there.

It had been for a long time a superstition with our cousins across the water that naught could resist the onslaught of an English boarding party. An exception, however, has been made in favor of the "damned Yankees" by a well-known English writer.

Seeing that the spar-deck of the *Chesapeake* was devoid of defenders, a party of the *Shannon's* men took advantage of a favorable chance, and without waiting for orders, jumped on the American's deck. Captain Lawrence, still leaning heavily against the rail, and weak from loss of blood, had scarcely time to call his boarders to repel the attack when he received a second wound from a bullet in the abdomen. He fell into the arms of Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the second division, and was hurrying up from below. At this moment Captain Broke of the *Shannon* bravely headed a second boarding party, and sprang over the railing of the *Chesapeake*. Lawrence saw the danger as he struggled, with Cox's help, to rise from the deck.

"Don't give up the ship! don't give up the ship!" he said, and repeated it over and over as they carried him down the companionway.

A hand-to-hand struggle now ensued. The only American officer remaining on the upper deck was Lieutenant Ludlow. He was so weakened and disabled by numerous wounds that he was incapable of personal resistance, and the small number of British succeeded in obtaining possession before those from below could swarm up to the defence of their ship. An account gathered from an officer after the surrender speaks as follows:

"We were greatly embarrassed in consequence of being unacquainted with our crew. In one instance, in particular, Lieutenant Cox joined a party of the enemy through mistake, and was made sensible of his error by their slashing at him with their cutlasses."

Lawrence, lying below in the wardroom, suffering agony, heard the firing cease, and having no officer near him, he ordered the surgeon who was attending his wound to hasten on deck and tell his followers to fight on to the last, and never strike the colors, adding,

"They shall wave while I live."

But nothing could be done. A ship without a captain is a man without a soul. The fate of battle was decided. It was mere waste of life to continue, and Lieutenant Ludlow gave up the *Chesapeake*.

There was the utmost confusion during the latter part of the battle, but accounts differ in regard to the details. A hot-headed boy fired at an English sentry placed at a gangway, and started an action that resulted in Lieutenant Ludlow receiving a cutlass wound in the head which fractured his skull and proved fatal. An English authority, in speaking of the hauling down of the stars and stripes, recalls that Lieutenant Wall, one of their own officers, was killed, and four or five men fell, from a volley delivered by their own people from the tops of the *Shannon*, "for in the hurry and excitement the Yankee flag was hoisted uppermost."

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. The action had lasted over a quarter of an hour. There is little use in surmising what might have occurred had not the ships run foul of each other.

The *Chesapeake* had received little injury to affect her safety, while the *Shannon* had several shots between wind and water, and could not have sustained an action at gun-shot distance for any great length of time.

The two ships presented terrible spectacles, says a witness. "Crowded with wounded and the dying, they resembled a floating hospital, sending forth groans at every roll."

The brave Broke had received a severe wound in the head, and was lying delirious on board of his own vessel. He constantly inquired for the fate of his gallant adversary, and kept speaking of the "masterly style" in which the latter had brought the *Chesapeake* into action.

Lawrence, though conscious, sealed his lips and never spoke, though suffering great bodily pain, making no comment upon the battle. He lingered four days, and finally expired.

His body was wrapped in the colors of his ship and laid upon the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake*, to be conveyed for burial to Halifax. At the time of his death he was but thirty-two years of age, sixteen years of which had been passed in the service of his country.

Great were the rejoicings at the British port when the two vessels sailed in, and our hearts cannot fail to be touched by the honors paid on this occasion by the British to the departed American hero.

His pall was borne by the oldest captains in the British service that were then in Halifax, and the naval officers crowded to yield the last honors to a man who had been so lately their foe. There is a sympathy between lofty souls that knows no distinction of clime or nation.

As usual, much controversy over the numbers engaged and the weight of armament was aroused.

So far as can be learned the crews were nearly matched, each numbering about four hundred.

The *Shannon* lost twenty-four killed, including three officers, and fifty wounded. The *Chesapeake*, forty-seven killed and ninety-nine wounded.

Lawrence's first lieutenant was killed, and all the surviving lieutenants wounded, as were also five midshipmen and the chaplain.

Lieutenant Provo Wallis, who brought the *Chesapeake* as a prize into Halifax, died within the last five years, an admiral, the oldest naval officer then living in the service of Great Britain.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN speaking last week of that arrest of interest on the part of the public in the work of Miss Murfree, or Charles Egbert Craddock, which at present seems to me better than it has ever been, I ventured to suggest that it had unjustly suffered through the disgust for "dialect" which has undoubtedly overtaken the general reader. In a certain measure, and in a certain kind, perhaps the very highest kind, I do not think the general reader is worth minding, and I should be the last to urge any one who had a conscience in his work, to do his conscience the least violence for the general reader's sake. That would be a dismal error, and a misdeed that would pretty surely fail of its effect if the effect were the general reader's pleasure; for if there is anything clearly ascertained concerning the general reader it is that you never can tell what will please him. He is quite like a spoiled child in not knowing what he wants, but unhappily he is like a spoiled child also in knowing what he does not want, and what he does not want now, and has not wanted for a year or two past, is dialect. He has "got tired" of it, as he says, and whether his fancy for it, if he ever had a fancy for it, may return hereafter or not, there is no question but he is still tired of it, at this speaking. Though he is not worth minding, æsthetically, numerically he is important, and the writer who wishes to use dialect in the expression of character must decide whether he will get on without the general reader, for if he uses it, he may make sure that in his present temper the general reader will get on without him.

I.

I suspect that the general reader does not always know what dialect is, and that he classes with the carefully distinguished local accents and locutions reported in the pages of such artistic observers of life as Lowell, Mr. Cable, Mr. Page, Mr. Riley, Miss Murfree, or Miss Wilkins, the wild grotesqueries of Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby in spelling. Probably, if he would or could acquaint himself with the difference, he would find that he had been suffering less from dialect than he supposed, and more from orthographic buffoonery; but I fancy he is in no mood to be instructed on this point; and at any rate I shall not attempt his enlightenment.

Lowell himself wrought in both kinds which the general reader sometimes supposes to be one and all dialect, and he amused himself perhaps as much with the chaotic spelling in Hosea Biglow's letters, as with the subtly shaded accents of the vernacular in his poems. He always loved to indulge a whim, and he gave himself license in the mere burlesque of the one which he would never have permitted himself in the serious artistry of the other. I have a fancy, which I will not offer for anything more, that the trick of grotesque orthography was the invention of Thackeray, who in the Yellowplush Papers was, at any rate, the first to use it elaborately. It was easily caught, and it naturally spread to a country where the thing easily caught has more value than anywhere else, and where the general mind is so uncritical that it could be accepted for a long time as something of real significance. But now, I believe, the fun of bad spelling amuses no more; the best spelling of English is so ridiculous that it is a wonder it was ever thought droll to caricature it;

and I don't believe that if Artemus Ward himself came back to us he could make us laugh with his wildest burlesques of the lexicon.

II.

It was inevitable that the use of dialect should grow with the wider diffusion of the impulse to get the whole of American life into our fiction. This impulse, partly conscious and partly unconscious, is what has given us the rank we shall be found hereafter to have taken in the literature of our age, and which, whether it has given us great American novels or not, has expressed the national temperament, character, and manner with a fulness not surpassed by contemporary fiction in the case of any other people. It may be said to have begun where our literature began, in New England, and Lowell's accurate and exquisite study of the Yankee dialect in the Biglow Papers was the first work of the kind that was truly artistic, or of the effect that I mean. Before Hosea Biglow was, of course Sam Slick was, but one cannot feel that Sam Slick was to the manner born, and the Nova-Scotian author's Connecticut parlance if sometimes well found was often not very true.

There is some dialect of the genuine sort in Mrs. Stowe's Oldtown Folks, and Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke had a good ear for Yankee parlance, and reported it delightfully in her New England stories: stories always so good that I grieve to have them the least forgotten. Mrs. Phelps Ward has handled it well, and so has Mrs. Prescott Spofford; though we think of these writers first for other things. Without turning to one of her books I should not be ready to say whether Miss Jewett employs much dialect or not. I have an impression that she imparts the spirit of Yankee parlance without too much insisting upon the letter; an accent here and there suggests it, and a characteristic phrase gives the touch of color that charms. I have a like impression concerning Miss Wilkins, but I have the impression too that she actually uses dialect rather more than Miss Jewett does.

In fact, apart from Lowell in the Biglow Papers, I do not know that the Yankee dialect has been much studied by the native writers, though now and then an Englishman has used it at second hand, as mistaken souls among us have now and then used the Scottish dialect. The next attempts at dialect among our writers seem to have been made in California, where forms of the Pike found their way into Mr. Bret Harte's stories and poems along with cockneyisms naturalized out of Dickens. A truer Pike was a little later studied by Mr. John Hay in his ballads; but I do not think that the Southwestern parlance which goes generically by that name has been cultivated much farther in literature. Mr. Cable's ever-delightful use of the Creole accents and forms followed in order of time, I believe, and these remain, to my thinking, almost the most delicately managed of all the experiments in dialect which our prose authors have made. Even with our stupid orthography, which is so false to its office that it is impossible to write in English the commonest vowel sound of the language so that it cannot be mistaken for some other, though there are half a dozen ways of writing it, Mr. Cable has contrived to spell the speech of his Creole characters so that you know just how they spoke. He had noticed that in a dialect or patois each person permits himself to characterize the common speech, and so he varies the English of one Creole from that of another, and he marks the distinction of white Creole from colored Creole. There is something very charming in all this, and the underlying study is concealed by an air of the greatest ease and naturalness.

Another phase of French-English parlance has been much more recently studied by Mr. William McClennan, in his sketches of Canadian life and character. These are mostly in monologue, or in the speech of a supposed narrator, who is native to the dialect used, and nothing could be more delicate than the perfection with which its peculiarities are touched and turned to the light. But I suspect that the very conscience with which the work was done told against it with the general reader, who could have borne with a few sentences of dialect here and there, but was impatient of a perfection veiled from him in the strange locutions which formed the whole texture of the little stories. Then, they had the misfortune to come after he had begun to "get tired" of dialect, and they never won the recognition which they merited. But the reader interested in such things cannot do better than compare them with the passages of Creole dialect in Mr. Cable's stories, for a sense of their equal fineness as studies of a kindred parlance.

Mr. Cable's performance has been emulated by that of two other writers, like himself Southerners, among whom dialect has been studied with a fresh interest no longer possible to New-Englanders. The two writers I mean are, of course, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris in the Uncle Remus stories, and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his several sketches of Virginia negro character. I ought also to speak of at least one brief essay in negro dialect by Mark Twain, who in the limits of a little story supposed to be told by an old negress has philosophized it as thoroughly as any of the others.

I do not know any Southerner who has given the local dialects of the American whites so well as Miss Murfree. As you read you feel sure that those people spoke as she has represented their speech, and that so much of their character dwells in their parlance that if she had made them speak otherwise or less faithfully to their usage, much that is precious would have been lost. A flavor, an aroma would have escaped in the translation that now enriches the reader's sense of them, like the breath of the woods and hills where their quaint, remote, pathetic life passes.

The middle West and the Northwest seem not to have any speech of their own so strongly local that it characterizes the section by a difference from the speech of the East and the South, which colonized it with their accents as well as their populations. Yet in Indiana one of the most sensitive of our observers has found a parlance in which he has cast some of the sweetest and finest verse which can be called American. Without the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley our literature would be so much the poorer that it seems idle to state the fact; and if the passion for writing in dialect had done no more than inspire the dialect poems he has given us, I should think it richly worth all the sufferings of the general reader. He has more perfectly mastered his instrument than any writer of dialect verse since Lowell, and I do not know why one should not frankly place him with Lowell as equally master in that kind.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has given us the notion of something native in the vernacular of rural Wisconsin, but the speech of his characters is too largely the speech of the rustic in the West everywhere to be accepted as a distinct variety; and the talk that Mr. Owen Wister is now reporting in his stories of the Far West is much the same frontier talk we have been accustomed to in earlier writers. He makes it the vehicle of the wild passions and strenuous emotions he deals with so admirably, but it strikes me rather as a verification of something partly known already than a discovery of something new and different. Not that I think such a discovery would have been in any wise more meritorious than such a verification; and in fact I accept it with the greater gratitude because it is what it is.

I referred last week to the work done in "tough" New York dialect by the author of the Chimmie Fadden stories, but this had been anticipated by Mr. Stephen Crane in a story called Maggie, a Girl of the Streets, which was printed some years ago, but could not be said to have been published, so wholly did it fail of recognition. There was reason for this in its grim, not to say grimy truth, and in the impossibility to cultured ears of a parlance whose texture is so largely profanity. All its conscience and all its art could not save it, and it will probably remain unknown, but it embodied perhaps the best tough dialect which has yet found its way into print. That dialect has been spoken much longer on the stage in the comedies of Mr. Harrigan, and it may be heard by any listener in the streets of certain quarters of the city. Those who have not studied it, or listened to it attentively, can have little notion how greatly the common pronunciation of our language has been corrupted by the mixture of races in the poorer quarter, and how a whole glossary of new words has sprung up from the rank life of that mixture. I remember once following rather a long passage of conversation between two characters in one of Mr. Harrigan's plays, and scarcely understanding one word out of three; and I have often heard phrases in the streets of New York which in accent and texture were as strange to me as some whose speakers did not believe themselves to be speaking English.

III.

A very pretty argument could be made to prove that the tendency of the English spoken among us is towards heterogeneity, rather than homogeneity, but I am not going to make it, for fear I should be tempted to force some conclusions without the documents. But I should really like to say something more of dialect, or rather to account for its use, and justify it. I am not sure that I always like to read it; but I think I should have lost much without some effects which it has accomplished in the representation of our national life; and I am sure that the sympathies of every artist in fiction will be with the writers whom a change of the general reader's mood could deprive of one of the great resources of their art, and would leave to show in dry and lifeless paraphrase the racy thought and vital feeling of the characters who naturally express themselves in dialect.

W. D. Howells.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ITS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BY G. T. WINSTON.*

The University of North Carolina is now celebrating its hundredth anniversary, being the oldest university in the South. Up to 1860 it had a very large patronage from all the Southern States. Its roll of alumni includes many names of national repute, and it may be doubted whether so large a percentage of the alumni of any other American college have achieved eminence in public life. Among them may be mentioned James K. Polk, President, and William R. King, Vice-President, of the United States; Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator, author of *Thirty Years' View;* William A. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency; Major-General Francis P. Blair, U.S.A., Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency; Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana and Arkansas, and Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army; James Johnston Pettigrew, Brigadier-General, C.S.A.; John T. Mason, Attorney-General of the United States; Thomas Bragg, Attorney-General of the Confederacy; Willie P. Mangum, President United States Senate; Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior; Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster-General; James C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy; John H. Eaton, Secretary of War; John Branch, Secretary of the Navy; Francis L. Hawks, author, president American Geographical Society; Frederick D. Lente, founder and president American Academy of Music; William J. Bingham, teacher and author; Archibald M. De Bow, journalist; Cicero L. Hawks, Bishop of Missouri; James H. Otey, Bishop of Tennessee; Thomas F. Davis, Bishop of South Carolina; William M. Green, Bishop of Mississippi; Thomas Settle, Minister to Peru, president Republican National Convention; John Owen, president Democratic National Convention; with scores of Senators, Congressmen, Governors, judges, and generals. There is no accident in this list. It includes men of all sections, of many professions, and of types very diverse. It means that the University of North Carolina has given its alumni both an impulse and a training that have fitted them for leadership. Of recent years the patronage of the university has been confined more closely to North Carolina, but her list of alumni still includes nearly all men that are prominent in business enterprises or in public or professional life within the State.

In 1861 the flood of war swept from the halls of the university four-fifths of the students. Professors and students alike rushed to the front, and the lecture-rooms were almost deserted. Their lives are now commemorated in Memorial Hall, upon whose walls the marble slabs, with long lists of alumni killed in battle, tell the story of reckless enthusiasm and heroic devotion. There are two hundred and eighty-seven names, including five generals and thirty-four regimental officers, all arranged by classes, according to date of graduation from the university. The oldest class is that of 1821, represented by Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, and the last class is that of 1864, represented by its boy Lieutenant, William H. C. Webb. The class of 1861 graduated eighty-seven men, of whom every one volunteered in the Confederate army. Of that eager band the names of thirty are inscribed upon the roll of Confederate dead. At the reunion of this class in 1889 the eleven members present upon the platform in Memorial Hall bore upon their bodies the marks of twenty-three wounds. Such was war to the South.

The university is located in the village of Chapel Hill, twenty-seven miles northwest of Raleigh. It is a quiet, pretty place, famous throughout the South for refined and unostentatious society and delightful climate. The university campus occupies fifty acres, nearly in the heart of the village, and the university park, adjacent, includes 460 acres of beautifully rolling land, covered with oaks over a century old. The buildings are grouped around the traditional "quadrangle," and around them stretch rich verdant lawns beautified by clusters of flowering trees and shrubs. There is some flower in the campus every month in the year.

The *ante bellum* university was strong in its presidents and its faculties. David L. Swain in History and Political Science, Ethan A. Andrews in Ancient Languages, Denison Olmstead and Elisha Mitchell in Science, are names that belong to the roll of honor among American teachers. The average student, however, was less ambitious for scholarship than for leadership among his fellows or for social eminence. The college balls were famous all through the South, and many a belle of sweet sixteen made her début at the 'varsity Commencements.

The storm of civil war did not destroy the university. A small band of professors, with scarce provision for food and clothing, heroically stood at their posts and trained the three or four score lads whom the tide of war had not yet swallowed. But wreck and ruin came with the night of reconstruction. The bell was hushed that had rung for three-quarters of a century, and the lecture-halls were quite deserted. The "carpet-bagger" took possession, but learned in two or three years that universities cannot exist without students. Again the doors were closed, and the campus grew up in weeds until 1875, when loyal alumni and patriotic citizens donated sufficient money to make the buildings again habitable, and restore books and apparatus that had been stolen or destroyed.

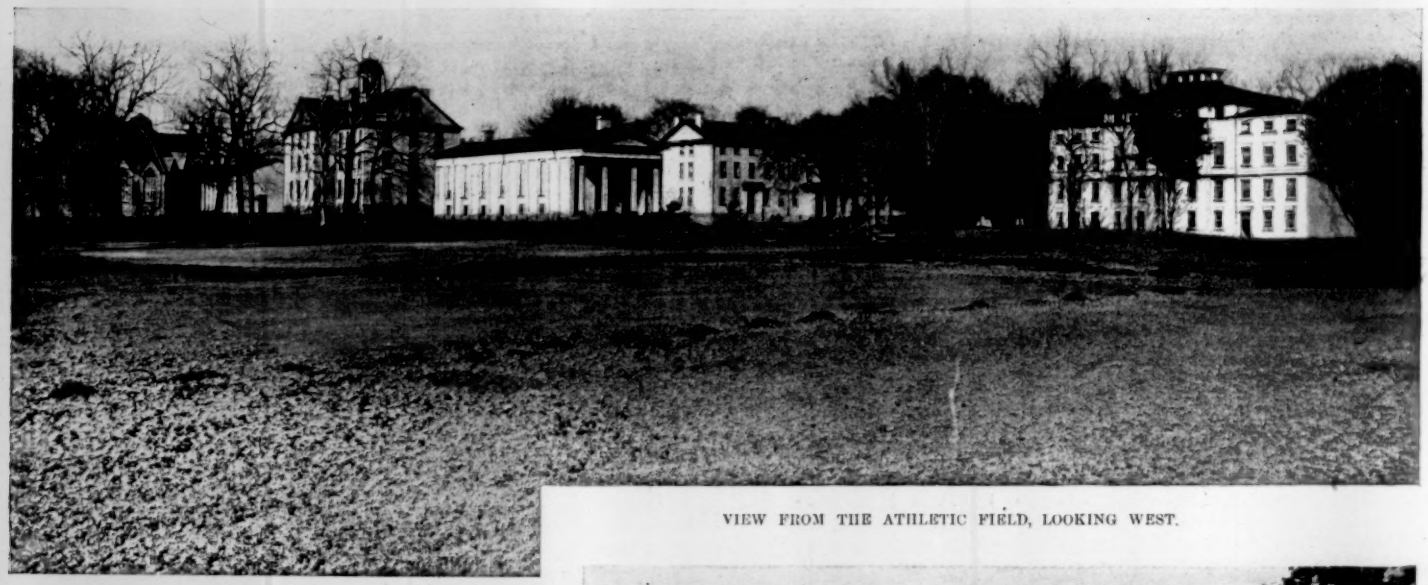
From the modest beginning in 1875, with seven teachers and sixty-two pupils, the university has grown to have thirty-five teachers and four hundred and seventy pupils. Its management is broad-spirited, liberal, and progressive. Fully one-third of its faculty have been educated abroad, and nearly all are young men enthusiastic for thorough work and development along true lines of culture. Its graduates are more and more seeking the special training of German universities, of Harvard, Yale, or the Johns Hopkins. The rigid standard of requirement appears from the statement that not 25 per cent. of a Freshman class succeeds in graduating.

The most remarkable thing about the University of North Carolina is the prudent and economical spirit that characterizes not only its administration, but also the daily life of its students. The entire university income does not exceed $40,000, and yet with this pittance it pays its professors, maintains an excellent library of 40,000 volumes, equips and keeps up well-provided laboratories in chemistry, physics, geology, and mineralogy, keeps in repair and good order fifteen buildings and a campus of fifty acres. Here is financiering of a high order. The average student's expenses for a year, including everything, does not exceed $300, and many students who receive scholarships live on less than $100. Nearly 10 per cent. of the student body support themselves by labor of some sort even while pursuing their studies. The university offers no employment, but the students find it in the village and among themselves. The whole institution presents a remarkable spectacle of self-reliance and economy. But living is cheap where good servants may be had at $6 a month and eggs retail at ten cents a dozen, where houses with ten rooms rent for $15 a month, and acre lots may be had for two or three hundred dollars.

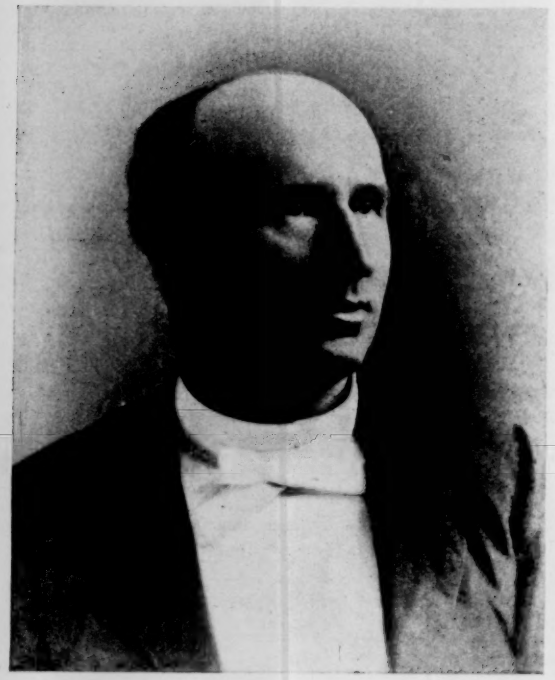
The endowment of the university was destroyed by the war, and the annual expense account has prevented any accumulations. In 1875 the alumni donated money for its revival; in 1884 they erected Memorial Hall at a cost of $45,000; in 1890 they endowed a chair of History. Four women have given $67,000 within ten years, mainly to establish scholarships. The total invested funds are less than $100,000. Not a dollar of invested funds has ever been lost, either principal or interest, since the revival of the university in 1875. Students of very limited means are aided by loans of sums as small as twenty dollars, and the number of those aided goes far up into the hundreds, yet there are no losses. The influence of the university upon the State is most marked and salutary. It is serving as a powerful force to build up a system of public schools, to lengthen the school terms, to improve the teachers, and to strengthen the profession. It has a department of pedagogics for the training of teachers, and a summer school for teachers who cannot attend the regular sessions. The work of the institution is largely hampered by lack of funds; and ignorance, prejudice, and sectarian fanaticism have again and again sought to cripple or destroy it. But it stands for popular education, for broad culture, and for human progress in all directions, and it must win the battle eventually.

The centennial of the university was celebrated June 5th. The programme included an oration on the Old University (1795–1868), by Hon. Alfred Moore Waddell, of Wilmington; an oration on the New University (1875–95), by A. H. Eller, Esq., of Winston; a Centennial Song, by Cornelia Phillips Spencer; a Centennial Ode, by James D. Lynch; a Centennial Sonnet, by Henry Jerome Stockard; an address on the University during the War (1861–1865), by Henry A. Loudon, Esq.; and an address on the "University Alumni in the War," by Stephen B. Weeks, Esq. There were also class reunions reaching back to 1834, and an alumni banquet.

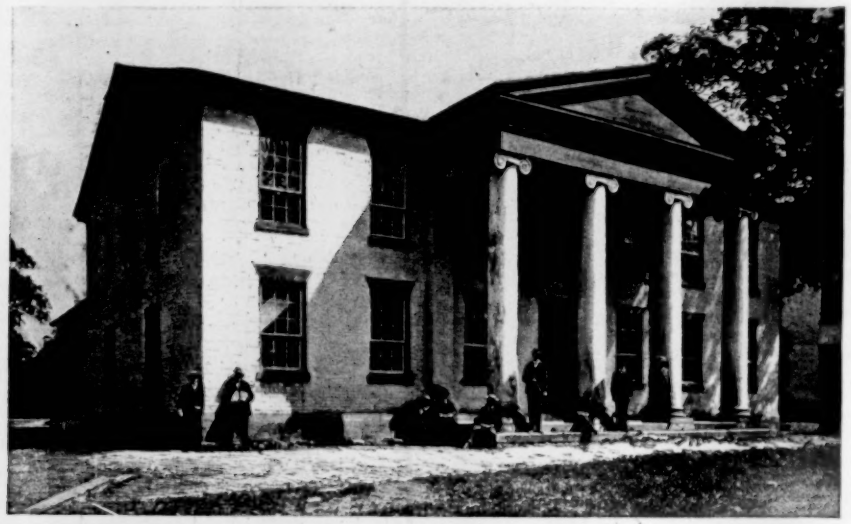
* George T. Winston, LL.D., is the President of the university; he is a native North-Carolinian, a graduate of Cornell University, and formerly a midshipman in the United States navy. Under his administration the university has grown rapidly in numbers and equipment of teachers. He was elected by a unanimous vote of the trustees in 1891, when the student roll numbered 198. It increased to 248, 316, 389, and 470 in four successive years of his administration. He is still in the prime of life, and is in full accord with the most progressive ideas in education.



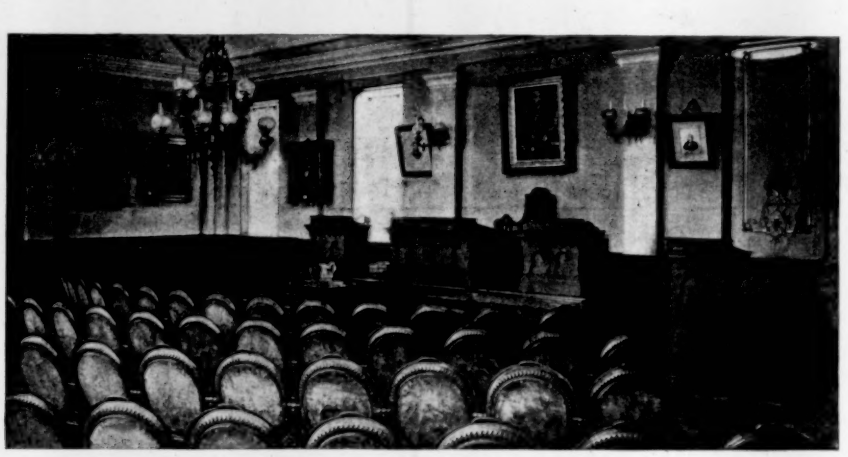
VIEW FROM THE ATHLETIC FIELD, LOOKING WEST.



GEORGE T. WINSTON, LL.D., PRESIDENT.



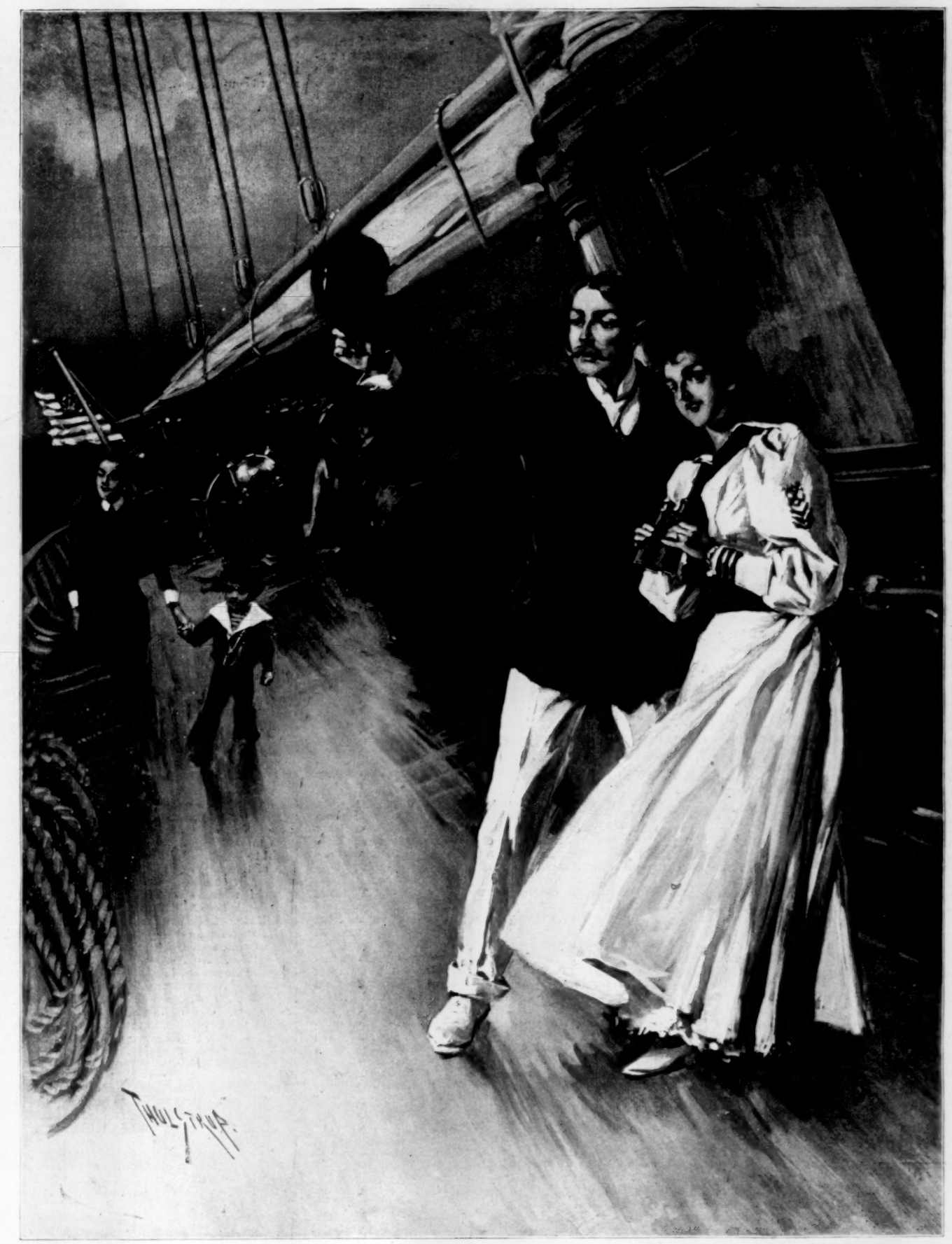
GERRARD HALL.



HALL OF THE PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW "WEST."

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, NOW HOLDING ITS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—[See Page 533.]



SALUTING A PASSING YACHT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE LUXURIES OF YACHTING.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

OF course there is nothing new under the sun, and for that excellent and satisfying reason it may be stated at the outset that the search of pleasure afloat is antique. Glowing accounts of the seductive splendors of Cleopatra's barge have come down the ages, and if that alluring craft was not a yacht, what was she? Any vessel used purely for pleasure may fairly be called a yacht, and this is a technical privilege about which the owners of small cat-boats are frequently most particular. But when we come to talk of the luxuries of yachting, we do not think of the hardy amateur sailor who loves to feel the sting of salt spray upon his lips, whose heart grows strong with the excitement of handling his little craft, and whose most triumphant boast is that he staid out when the others had to go home. We think rather of the East Indian rajahs, who sailed for their pleasure in vessels of fabulous luxury away back in the days of Vasco da Gama, of mysterious purple argosies of delight referred to by Plutarch, or of hazy records of gorgeous Chinese junks lazily conveying almond-eyed nabobs through oceans as smooth and golden as the tea of their native land. It ought to be comfort to us to remember that yachting, in its broader sense, dates back to age of fable, for a visit to a modern private vessel might set us wondering whether the yachtsman, too, was not one of Nordau's decadents. But let us not forget that there still are thousands of amateur sailors whose chief luxury is that conquest of the sea which is the glory of amphibious man, and that while the sea-palace may float idly with its cargo of spectators, there are still cup-defenders charged with the true spirit of the sea.

Yachting, as we understand it to-day, dates back to the time of Charles II.; but of course the desire to enjoy the cool breezes of the sea is, as I have intimated, of more ancient origin. The modern yacht was originally a rude vessel. The yacht which the Dutch East India Company presented to Charles II. in 1660 was a bluff-bowed and high-sterned craft. She had a single mast stepped amidships, a mainsail whose boom just reached the taffrail, a foresail, and a small jib on a pole bowsprit. This was the type of craft sailed by the members of the first yachting organization—the Cork Water Club, formed in 1720. They had decks only amidships. Under the deck was a bit of a cuddy, and it is from this crude shelter that has grown the elaborate accommodations of the modern yacht; for when you come to think of it, its capacity as a floating habitation is the radical difference between the yacht of to-day and that of 1720. The growth in size and speed was the natural result of racing; the development of luxury was the inevitable consequence of the fact that yachting demanded money and leisure. The man of moderate means who loves the water so well that he cannot stay ashore will get himself afloat, even if he has to paint his own boat, mend his own sails, and cook his own breakfast. But the man of wealth will pay others to do his work for him, so that he can have more time for idle enjoyment, and so he must have a bigger boat and more room. The schooner rig was adopted for the larger sailing-vessels, but big sloops have been built for cruising purposes.

Steam revolutionized the luxury of yachting, first by making the yachtsman independent of wind and tide, and second by opening to him the possibility of possessing

an Atlantic liner of his own. I do not purpose to enter upon a discussion of the oft-debated question whether the owner of a steam-yacht is really a yachtsman at all. At any rate, he loves to be on the water, and by simply "turning up" his engines he can sit on his deck and enjoy a cool breeze when the sailor-man is broiling in a flat calm. So he has one added luxury—and luxury is my theme. Steam-yachting in America appears to have been a product of the Aspinwall family. Some forty years ago William H. Aspinwall built a boat for the purpose of experimenting with a French paddle-wheel. The wheel was a failure, and Mr. Aspinwall fitted his boat with new machinery and used her as a pleasure craft. She was only a large launch, about sixty feet long, but she was a steam-yacht, and, according to Mr. E. S. Jaffray, who wrote an excellent article on steam-yachting some years ago, the first on record in America. About the beginning of the war of the rebellion Mr. Aspinwall built his second steam-yacht, the *Day Dream*. She was 105 feet long on the water-line and 18 feet in beam. Mr. Aspinwall's son, John L., inherited his father's fondness for steam-yachting, and built a series of steamers, some of which are still in commission. The steam-yacht embodies the height of luxury in aquatic pleasure, for she is the most elaborate and expensive of marine toys.

Perhaps there is no more direct method of giving the reader an idea of the luxuries of yachting than by a statement of their cost. Seamen and firemen on a steam-yacht are paid $30 a month, and aboard a large vessel a considerable force must be carried. Captains get from $100 to $200 a month, and mates from $45 to $100. A competent steward—and one not competent could not hold his place a week—receives $100 a month. The understewards are paid $30 a month. The *chef* usually commands a fancy price, which is regulated entirely by the owner's ability to pay or his discretion in driving a bargain. Assistant cooks get from $40 to $60 a month. The pay-roll of a yacht is elastic. If the vessel is small, her pay-roll is proportionate. A 45-foot sloop usually carries a sailing-master, a steward (who is the cook), and two seamen. When you get up among the 65-footers you find a steward and a cook, a captain, and four or five seamen. The big steam-yachts greatly exceed this. Elbridge T. Gerry's *Electra* carries a captain, a mate, two quartermasters, twelve deck hands, a chief engineer, a force of firemen, a *chef* and two assistants, and two stewards. James Gordon Bennett used to carry a crew of fifty, all told, aboard the *Namouna;* his pay-roll was about $2500 a month, and it cost $1500 to feed the crew. It used to cost Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, so it is said, $10,000 a month to maintain the *Alva*, and it is hardly possible to support a large yacht for much less. A vessel of one hundred feet in length may be run for about $3000 a month; but a good deal depends upon the fancy of the owner for entertaining. I was sitting alone at luncheon in the cabin of a noted steam-yacht one day. There were roasted oysters, cold game, Westphalia ham, boned turkey, filet of beef, several kinds of pastry and ices, hot-house California grapes, claret cup, coffee, and liqueurs on the table. I said to the steward,

"Brown, give me some more of that filet; it's the best thing aboard the ship."

"It ought to be, sir," said Brown, as he filled my plate; "the commodore pays a dollar a pound for it."

"Well, he ought to get good filet for that," I remarked.

"Why, God bless you, sir," said Brown, looking at me with gentle reverence in his mild eyes, "I believe he sits up at nights trying to think how he can spend more money aboard this yacht!"

The fact is that a man who maintains a large steam-yacht—and it is aboard these that yachting luxury reaches its height—must be prepared to pay the expenses of a floating hotel supplied with motive power. But it cannot be said that the owners of smaller vessels or of sailing-yachts encounter much hardship. "Roughing it" on the water is for the poor man who owns a little single-handed cruiser, and is owner, master, and cook, and "bosun tight and midshipmite and crew of the captain's gig" all in one. A 65-foot sloop has her luxuries, of which a chief one is the bath-tub, usually sunk under the flooring of the owner's state-room. When at anchor most yachtsmen prefer two bounds up the companion-ladder and a flying leap over the side, into cool depths of lucent green that wash the sleep out of the eyes and the cobwebs out of the brain. But on a lowering morning, with a chilling east wind, the bath under the cabin floor and the subsequent steward at the door with his "Coffee, sir," are a combination that cannot be excelled. And then there is the bunk. There are bunks and bunks, and even in a 40-footer the owner's state-room may hold one as wide as a three-quarter bed, well supplied with hair mattresses and cider-down coverings. When you come to a large schooner, you can revel in luxuries. The bath-tub is no longer under the cabin floor, but in an inviting bath-room. The owner's cabin becomes a commodious apartment, and the bunk—good-by to the bunk! Here we have a stately four-poster, a genuine bed, with glitter of brass, if you please, and shimmer of silk coverlet. The spirit of mortal may be exceeding proud aboard a lordly schooner. In the saloon you may have a piano, like everything else, firmly screwed down, lest it get adrift in a gale of wind and execute a presto movement through the ship's side. You may have a handsome bookcase containing a diverting sea library, with a range of literature extending from *Treasure Island* to Bowditch's *Navigator*. You may have a swinging table, and a swinging lamp over it; and in the corner, if you will, you may have a snug armory of repeating rifles, suggesting red-bearded pirates abroad or blue-coated naval militia at home. And a fireplace! That is a true luxury when autumn winds come nipping along. I remember boarding the brave old *Dauntless* off Staten Island one raw day in February, when she was making ready for her ocean race with the *Coronet*. She had been out beyond the Hook stretching her canvas in a nor'wester, and her deck was iced up as far aft as the main-mast. I tumbled below with a shiver, and dropped into an arm-chair before a neat white mantel-piece, with a glowing grate fire under it. It was the essence of luxury.

The decorations of a sailing-yacht are hardly luxuries, yet they add to the pleasure of the yachtsman. They may be as elaborate as you choose. But there is nothing much prettier or cheerier than the light and airy white and gold, though it requires ingenuity to prevent this combination from being too reminiscent of the steamboat cabin. Electric buttons, with stewards at the other end of the wires, must be plentiful, and there should be capacious refrigerators with tons of ice and gallons of seductive and cooling beverages. In port the ever-ready awning swings from the main-boom and keeps the sun off the quarter-deck, and knowing ones often sling a hammock under the awning, and on still sunny afternoons dream sea-dreams that Turner might have painted or Tennyson sung. But when the owner decides to get under way the awning must come down, that the mainsail may go up, and if a flat calm comes along, the quarter-deck of a sailing-yacht is sometimes a lively imitation of purgatory. And the cabin is no better, though there dwell the steward and the ice and the beverages, and so hope is not lost. But in a smashing breeze, when the yacht heels far over, it is not always an easy matter to eat, even at a swinging table. No; for pure and unadulterated luxury, one must go to the steamer. The yachtsman will tell you that travelling on a "teakettle" is not yachting, and I agree with him, having myself a sneaking love for setting up a backstay or laying out to stow a jib; but I admit without reservation that for the indolent the aquatic paradise is to be found aboard a "coal-packet."

There is a deep and sensuous luxury in the pure motion of a steam-yacht. Fancy one of those blue-gray days of midsummer when the monarch sun sits high in the northern heavens and rules the world with that pitiless heat that makes brave men and fair women alike limp jests of fate. Here and there a flag hangs in shapeless folds above the roof of some sky-scraping office tower, and all the columns of smoke that feather the lower roofs of the town go straight toward the cloudless sky. The broad flag-stones of the sidewalks radiate a glowing heat which the sheer sides of the dusty buildings give back without mercy. There is no breath of air. It is a bitterly hot day, with a humidity that despoils alike one's linen and his temper. But you have been asked by your friend Dives to go with him on his steam-yacht to a little haven on the Sound, which you know faintly as a black spot on a pink map of Connecticut. You have accepted, not because you have faith in steam-yachts, but because you have a yearning desire to go somewhere, believing that all the actinic rays of the sun have centred themselves upon New York, and that by 5 P.M. there will be nothing left of you but a pale violet spectrum. You ride down to the Battery in a rattling furnace called a Broadway car, and presently find yourself standing beside the stone steps near the new Aquarium. You look out upon the river and see a glassy glare of windless water. You wipe the streaming perspiration from your brow, and think of certain lines by Byron:

> "The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
> And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
> Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
> And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
> They slept on the abyss without a surge—
> The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
> The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
> The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
> And the clouds perished."

You think of a steam-yacht. Steam! The very word discourages you. And there she is, lying off the Battery, with her polished black sides and glittering brass-work gleaming in the hard sunlight. She does not look encouraging. She looks sleek and hard and dreadfully warm, with the thin waves of gaseous smoke rising from her yellow funnel. However, it is too late to back out now. Here comes the launch, a fussy little craft of polished cedar, cutting the clear yellow water into ribbons of gold as she cleaves her way toward you. The first mate is in command, and he carefully invites you to a seat in the stern, where you breathe noxious vapors from the engine, and heartily wish that you were at home. In a few moments you are alongside the starboard accommodation ladder. As you mount it the heat again assails you, and you groan inwardly. You reach the deck, and the boatswain, with his hand at his cap's visor, blows a demoniac screech of salutation on a shrill pipe. Dives steps forward and grasps your hand. He smiles, and tells you he is glad that you have come, for it is dreadfully hot lying still. You believe him. He tells the mate to hoist in the launch at once and tell the captain to get under way. You glance upward and note that the entire deck is shaded by snowy-white awnings, and you thank Heaven that at least you will be out of the sunshine. Dives leads you aft, and takes you into the smoking-room in the after-deck house, where you find a steward waiting with certain long-necked glasses. You silently raise your glass to your lips, and as you glance over its rim, you see the shores of New Jersey swinging around the yacht. A gentle vibrating motion of the deck tells you that the screw is slowly turning over. Dives bids you follow him. He leads you out of the smoking-room and along the deck toward the bow. He mounts a ladder. You follow, and find yourself on the bridge. The captain himself is handling the polished brass wheel. He lets no minor hand pilot the yacht in the crowded waters of Gotham. An arm-chair of cool-looking wicker-work invites you, and you sink into it. Slowly the dusty foliage of the Battery begins to glide by on your left. You feel a gentle caressing touch of invisible cool hands upon your brow. You look up into the creamy awning above you, and wonder why you begin to know content. The big bridge slides above. The river seems clearer ahead. The captain moves an arm of brass across a dial. The yacht starts forward. What is this?

A breeze! A genuine breeze! Limp flags and idle sails are all about you. The gray heat haze hangs over the city. The brassy sun is in the west. But what care you? The steam-yacht dashes forward, and a ten-knot breeze flows under the grateful awnings and along her polished decks. You sit in the midst of the breeze, a throned monarch of unspeakable luxury, laughing the sun-god to scorn, grown a god yourself, cool and happy in a world of heat and misery. Is it not a luxury, this simple power of motion?

The Sunken Meadow slips along under the port-quarter, and clear stretches of glassy water open out between the bosky woodlands on either shore. You pass a small cruising-sloop with her head-sails hanging in slattern folds and her main-boom swinging festoons of lax main-sheet across her deck. Faces streaming with perspiration glare up at you from her cockpit as you go rushing past, setting her helplessly tossing on the folds of your wake. Rikers Island slips past, and before long Whitestone is on your starboard bow. You round the Throggs Neck buoy, and point your narrow stem at the Stepping Stones light. The yacht is logging a baker's dozen of knots an hour, and the breeze under the awning is a miniature gale. The dinner-hour approaches, and you go below to prepare yourself. Dives whispers something significant, and you pause in the saloon while the steward conjures with glasses and ice. The yacht is never at a loss for ice, for somewhere in the middle of the craft is a capable ice-machine, which turns out a ton or so of ice every day. You taste the nectar which has resulted from the steward's legerdemain, and retire to your cabin to dress for dinner. When you return to the deck you find yourself in the broad placid waters to the eastward of Execution Light. The shadows on the shore have turned purple, and a flood of gorgeous orange light illumines the Sound. Dinner is served. Such a dinner! How they ever succeed in preparing it in the little coop of kitchen that has been pointed out to you as the "galley" is one of the mysteries of yachting. But the *chef* is paid like a prince for knowing just how to do such tricks. The table and the whole saloon, ere you reach the coffee, are illuminated with the steady radiance of electric lights, for the steam that drives the screw operates also as a substantial dynamo. Cigars carry you up to the smoking-room, and thence you go again to the bridge to see the yacht enter her harbor and come to anchor. You return to the quarter-deck, and find it lit up by a row of electric lights under the eaves of the awning. A deep delicious silence settles down over the yacht. It seems unnatural. You have faint memories of dull pulsations of a dynamo on other electric-lighted vessels.

"Dives," you say, "how do you keep your dynamos so quiet when all your lights are on?"

"That's easy," replies Dives. "The dynamo has stopped."

"But the lights?"

"Latest luxury in yachting, my boy. We have a storage battery that supplies light when we are at anchor. No more throbbing of the dynamo to keep us awake at night."

When you retire to your cabin you open a bit of skylight, and a gentle soothing air steals in. You sleep like a child, and arise in the morning so refreshed that you are prepared to return to the seething city and face the struggle of life with a light heart and a clear brain. Now conceive the luxuries of a steam-yacht extended to such a scale that the pleasure vessel becomes a veritable ocean steamer, such as the *Atalanta*, the *Nourmahal*, the *Valiant*, or the *Giralda*. These are big ships, fit for a voyage around the world. The English yacht *Giralda*, owned by Mr. H. H. McCalmont, is the latest and most advanced example of the sea-going steam-yacht. She is a vessel of 1240 tons burden, and has made a record of 22¼ knots an hour on a four hours' continuous run at sea. This puts her in the same class of flyers as the *Lucania* and the cruisers *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, with the odds a little in favor of the cruisers. The *Giralda* carries 436 tons of coal, with which she can steam for ten days at 16 knots an hour, or a distance of 3840 nautical miles in the ten days. Running at 22 knots an hour, she would cross the ocean in a little under five days and six hours. She carries a crew of sixty men, including a boatswain, fifteen deck hands, twelve firemen, four oilers, five cooks, seven stewards, three boys, and an armorer. The last has two rapid-fire guns to look after. They are used for firing salutes. It ought to be added that behind the luxurious accommodation of this superb yacht lies the possibility of sterner service. Her spar-deck is strengthened in such a way that it is ready to act as a platform for heavy rapid-fire guns, while the coal-bunkers are so disposed as to afford excellent protection to the boilers and engines. The *Giralda*, therefore, is prepared to go into commission, in time of war, as a fast cruiser, and as such she could do fine service. No American yacht of large size has yet exceeded a speed of 17½ knots—the record of Mr. Gould's *Atalanta*. Achievements in speed have been confined to little racing-machines like the *Now Then*, the *Vamoose*, and others. One of these little fellows, the *Stiletto*, is now in the government service as a torpedo-boat. We have, however, no large yacht combining great luxury with great speed, or capable, like the *Giralda*, of crossing the ocean in a trifle over seven days, while running at 16½ knots an hour less than full speed. But in beauty of fittings, in interior architectural arrangements, in details of comfort, such as storage batteries, ice-machines, bath-rooms, beds, and ventilation, our yachts are equal to the best that have been produced on the other side of the Atlantic.

Our designers have devoted their speed-producing talent so far to the defence of that homely old mug which the *America* brought home in 1851, and which has become the emblem of yachting supremacy. But the time cannot be far off when the American steam-yacht will follow the American cruiser to the front in the matter of speed. For speed in a steam-yacht is a luxury of the highest type, and one especially to be considered in these days, when the American yachting ensign flutters to the breezes of all the world.

WHICH ARE YOU?

THERE are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who *lift*, and the people who *lean*.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters, who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

XIV.

In all that I have said thus far, I have simply alluded to the subject of international bimetallism. I have refrained from dwelling on it because it is remote from the discussion of the day. Whether by the concurrence of all the nations of the world 16 or 15½ ounces of silver could be made equal to one ounce of gold, it seems clear to me that the world does not need the amount of metal money that the universal free coinage of silver might provide, for it may be at once assumed that as the mints of the world would thereby become the best customers of the silver mines, most of the silver mined would be made into coin. Perhaps the whole world would go to a silver basis. No one can foresee exactly what would happen, but if the expectation of the bimetallists were realized there would be a great increase in the amount of metal money in the world, and if I am right in believing that I have succeeded in showing that such an increase is not needed, the metal money added to the present store would represent just so much wasted effort, energy, and wealth. The world can no more procure metal money for nothing than can a single country. If the storekeeper provides himself with gold and silver to carry on the transactions of his neighborhood when his own notes will accomplish the task, he and the community will lose the amount of useful wealth or merchandise with which he purchases his useless hoard of silver and gold. As it is with the storekeeper so it has been with this country, and so it will be with the world. I have already shown how many millions the United States have lost through the compulsory purchase of silver, and how much greater has been the increase in our stock of metal money than in the demands of our business for it. If our village storekeeper should follow the example of the United States and should expend all his wealth for gold and silver coin, trade between the farmers and himself, either direct or carried on through the medium of the speculator, would come to an end, or at least be greatly decreased. And this would be a costly experiment for the merchant whose wealth, instead of being in goods which he could sell at a profit, would be in idle coin, which the farmers did not at all want. Of course trade would then go on between the farmers and the wiser merchants of a neighboring community, and the farmers would be obliged to pay for the transportation of their products to the distant point, and for the transportation back of the goods that they needed, and for which they would exchange their own products. As I have already said, the farmer pays the cost of transportation both ways. There is another thing that might happen. Our original shopkeeper might be a cunning man wishing to make money out of the troubles of his rural neighbors. He might sell his goods for coin in order to lend the farmers money to transport their products, or by way of advance on their crops, in order that they might purchase what they needed before they had earned the money by selling their products. Here is another way by which the farmer would be obliged to pay for the folly or the cunning of the storekeeper in buying unnecessary coin with his goods, the goods that were needed in the homes of the farmers.

It may be assumed that the man who wants money to enable him to exchange his products or his day's work for the necessaries or luxuries of life, is the man who pays the cost of extravagant money schemes; and bimetallism, if it shall be adopted, will prove no exception to the rule. Bimetallism has never existed in practice in the world's history. It has been decreed by law, but whenever two metals have been made legal tender the cheaper has invariably driven the dearer metal out of circulation. In our own country gold was undervalued from 1792 to 1834, and we had nothing but silver, and cheap foreign silver at that, as circulating coin, and after that silver disappeared, because, at the established ratio, silver was too valuable to be coined into dollars. At the present time, if the government should say that 16 ounces of silver shall be accepted by the wage-earner, the professional man, the merchant, and the manufacturer, in return for services and goods that are worth 1 ounce in gold, it would cheat the producers and working-people of the country out of about 18 ounces of silver on every such transaction, for an ounce of gold is now worth about 34 ounces of silver. Perhaps all the nations of the world together might make 16 ounces of silver equivalent to 34 ounces, but if the attempt should be made, any one of the nations might break the agreement, and then all would be confusion in the world's monetary system. And again, if all the governments of the world, agreeing, can make 16 ounces equal to 34 ounces, why waste 15 ounces? why not make 1 ounce equal to 34? Why use silver or gold? Why not adopt the iron dollar of the ancient Spartans?

I am not trying to discuss the question of international bimetallism, but simply to indicate the uncertainties into which the adoption of such a scheme would plunge us. International bimetallism is as much an intellectual vice as is the game of chess when it is played too much. Ingenious minds like to speculate concerning it, and they enjoy the excitement of chasing their own fancies. But international bimetallism is not a practical or immediate issue. What this country and the world want above all things, and just now especially, when business seems to be reviving, is to leave existing monetary conditions as they are, so far as the metals are concerned. Above all else, everything that is uncertain is dangerous.

So far as the United States are concerned, it is certain, for it has been demonstrated, that we cannot maintain bimetallism alone; that we have gone beyond the danger point in expending revenue and wealth in the attempt to maintain what we call the parity of the two metals. The immediate issue before the country is not international bimetallism, but silver monometallism. If any considerable body of people want international bimetallism, there will be ample time and opportunities to discuss that question when there is a conference of the nations. As it is, our people are not concerned with it at all. All that we have to decide now is this: Shall Congress pass a law which will compel the tax-payers of this country to buy of the silver-mine owners 16 ounces of silver with goods and services that ought to command 34 ounces? Shall our whole currency system be confused by a double standard which means silver monometallism? Shall prices be measured in a fluctuating medium? Shall our foreign exchanges be complicated to the profit of the money-broker and the loss of the producer and the working-man? Shall we have a money that may scale down debts, but which will destroy our credit, drive capital out of the country, especially from those parts of the country which need development, and transfer the United States from among the great commercial nations and make it the monetary comrade of China, Japan, India, and the South and Central Americas? These are the questions which the people of this country must answer at once, and any one who, under these conditions, undertakes to talk to them about international bimetallism is their enemy, for he is trying to deceive and confuse them.

H. L. N.

THE BUCHANAN CASE.

On Monday, May 20, 1895, Chief-Judge Andrews, of the New York Court of Appeals, at Albany, issued an order on Warden Sage, of Sing Sing prison, requiring him to appear before the court on Monday, May 27th, and to bring with him for resentence a prisoner, Robert W. Buchanan, once convicted of murder and thrice sentenced to death, but still awaiting the execution of his sentence. The story of his crime and of its detection, of his conviction and the subsequent proceedings in court, which have had the effect of delaying his execution up to the present time, or twenty-one months after the sentence of death was passed on him, forms an interesting and instructive chapter in the history of criminal jurisprudence in the State of New York.

Robert W. Buchanan was born in Scotland in 1862. He went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and there started in life as a druggist's clerk. In 1883 he graduated at the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons, and, having married, removed to New York in 1887 to practise his profession. He was not prosperous. Misconduct on the part of his wife caused a separation. He became dissipated, and in the course of a vicious life he fell in with a woman of bad repute named Annie Sutherland. She was ten years or more older than he, but she was possessed of means. At her instance he obtained a divorce from his wife on November 12, 1890. On November 27th Annie Sutherland signed a will in his favor. Two days later they were secretly married.

Their married life was not happy, and an open rupture took place between them in April, 1892. Mrs. Buchanan had threatened to return to her disreputable life. On the morning of April 22d she was suddenly taken ill, and died the next day. Two doctors, a nurse, and a clergyman had been summoned by the apparently distracted husband. The doctors gave cerebral apoplexy as the cause of her death, and she was buried on April 25th.

Buchanan went to Nova Scotia on May 9th, and on May 16th was remarried to his first wife. He then returned to New York to take possession of the property bequeathed him by the antenuptial testament of his victim. If he had had the foresight to have her remains cremated, there would have been no possibility of controverting the certificate that ascribed her death to its apparent cause. If he had refrained from saying anything about the case it might have passed unnoticed. But he was weak as well as vicious. The propensity to talk, which is one of the stigmata of a decadent intellect, manifested itself. His scattered remarks were carefully picked up and elaborately pieced together. A slight investigation showed that the presumption of murder was strengthened by the false and superfluous explanations given of the cause of death. Little by little a web of evidence was woven around him by the detective ingenuity of a reporter of a daily paper. Sufficient testimony was presented to justify an exhumation and examination of the body of the dead woman. The autopsy showed that her death had not been caused by cerebral apoplexy; a chemical analysis showed that she had been poisoned by morphine, and on June 7, 1892, Buchanan was arrested on the charge of murder.

Among the bits of evidence which, pieced together, had woven the net-work of suspicion around him were his accurate predictions of the death of his victim, his frequent complaints of his unhallowed mismating, and his references to the foolishness of the mistakes made by the wife-murderer Carlyle Harris, in his failure to conceal his crime. After his return to New York he spoke of his victim having been addicted to the use of morphine, which was easily shown to be untrue; he also spoke of her father having died by the same drug, which was also easily shown to be untrue. Before and after his arrest his loquacity furnished the prosecution with suggestions as to the line of procedure.

His trial was described by the District Attorney who conducted it as "the longest, most difficult, and most extraordinary, not excepting the trial of Carlyle Harris, of any murder trial in this State." It was begun on March 20, 1893, before Recorder Smyth, and lasted six weeks. Buchanan was defended by an array of the ablest legal talent of the country, and the defence was conducted with the usual pertinacity and more than the usual skill of celebrated murder cases. One of the counsel for the accused had been a physician, and as the evidence for conviction was chiefly medical, his skill in his previous profession effectually prevented the introduction of any unfair medical testimony. In spite of this defence, the prisoner was, on April 28, 1893, found guilty. Every proceeding in the trial had been contested point by point, and after the verdict was rendered the customary motion for a new trial on the objections taken by the defence included every question that could possibly be raised. The only point that had not been covered during the trial was the objection that one of the jurors had been taken sick while considering the verdict, that this sickness had been severe enough to disqualify him as a juror, and that the verdict was therefore illegal. This objection, as well as all others, was overruled on August 10th.

On August 14th Buchanan was sentenced to die during the week beginning October 2, 1893, but it was not possible to carry out the sentence at that time.

An appeal from the refusal of a new trial was taken to the Court of Appeals. This involved, among other things, the preparation of a full report of the case. So voluminous were the proceedings that this would have been a physical impossibility. The appeal was not in a condition to be tried in October, 1893. It was not in condition to be tried in October, 1894. The brief prepared by the District Attorney's office for use in the argument against the appeal was a volume larger than the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary. The preparation and printing of the volume alone cost more than $3000. The records of the case made three large volumes consisting of three thousand printed pages. Incidentally it dealt with 460 exceptions to the evidence made by the defence.

At last December 18, 1894, was fixed on for the hearing of the appeal, but it went over to the January term.

All this delay of a year and a half, while directly legal, was obtained for the purposes not of justice, but of delay and evasion. A hearing was given on the appeal on January 21st. The case was argued before the Court of Appeals at Albany by the able counsel of the prisoner. On February 26th the Court of Appeals affirmed the decision, and made an order to the lower court to resentence the prisoner on March 6th. With this the case should have ended.

The appeal having been disposed of, apparently nothing remained to be done but to resentence the murderer and execute him. But here a stubborn fight was made on a technicality. This was that the certified copy of the judgment of the Appellate Court had been remitted to the clerk with whom the original judgment is filed—that is, to the clerk of the Court of General Sessions—whereas in two sections of the criminal law it was ordered that in cases of a resentence to death the convict must be brought before the Court of Appeals, or a general term of the Supreme Court in the department, or a term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer. Two other sections gave the authority to the court pronouncing the original sentence; but on this quibble a respite of a week was granted by the Recorder to enable him to determine his authority. This respite was extended until March 22d, when the prisoner was arraigned before Recorder Goff, who had in the mean while succeeded Recorder Smyth. He again sentenced Buchanan to die—during the week beginning with the 22d of April.

This appeared to be the end of the case—so much so that Buchanan's counsel abandoned him. On April 9th, however, a new lawyer appeared on the scene to continue the experiment of seeing how long the established law of the State could be evaded. He laid out a programme of great brilliancy and comprehensiveness.

This programme included an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States on a writ of error, an appeal to the British Ambassador to intercede on the ground that Buchanan was a British subject, a personal intercession with the Governor of the State for a respite, an attempt to secure from the jury a petition for a commutation, and the introduction of new evidence to show that the expert testimony as to morphine poisoning was worthless. This new evidence was to the effect that a morphine reaction had been detected by the chemical analysis of the remains of a rabbit that had been buried in Greenwood Cemetery; it has thus far cut no figure in the proceedings. The jury met, but refused to recommend a commutation; the British Ambassador declined to interfere; the Supreme Court, on April 17, denied the application for the writ of error. One chance of delay remained—the Governor of the State.

He was reached not through the law, but through his personal feelings. On April 20 he answered the formal request for a respite with the official statement that there did not appear to be any reason for granting the respite, and the sentence of the court ought not therefore to be disturbed. But the wife of the prisoner made a personal appeal to him; she based her request on the ground that her husband had counted so fully on the proceedings to save him that he had not had time to prepare for death. On this statement Governor Morton, on April 23d, granted a respite from the execution of the sentence "until the 1st of May, 1895."

Here was the opportunity of the energetic criminal lawyer. He immediately raised the point that the respite granted by the Governor was valid in postponing the date of the execution, but that it was not valid in naming a new date; that the prisoner must be resentenced.

He also appeared again before the United States District Court, with the grounds which had been rejected by the New York Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court of the United States. He appeared before Judge Brown, of the District Court, with his application on April 29th. The endorsement of Judge Brown on the application ran, "I find in this petition no legal reason for sustaining or further considering this application for a writ of *habeas corpus*." In other words, the application was not considered. There was no case.

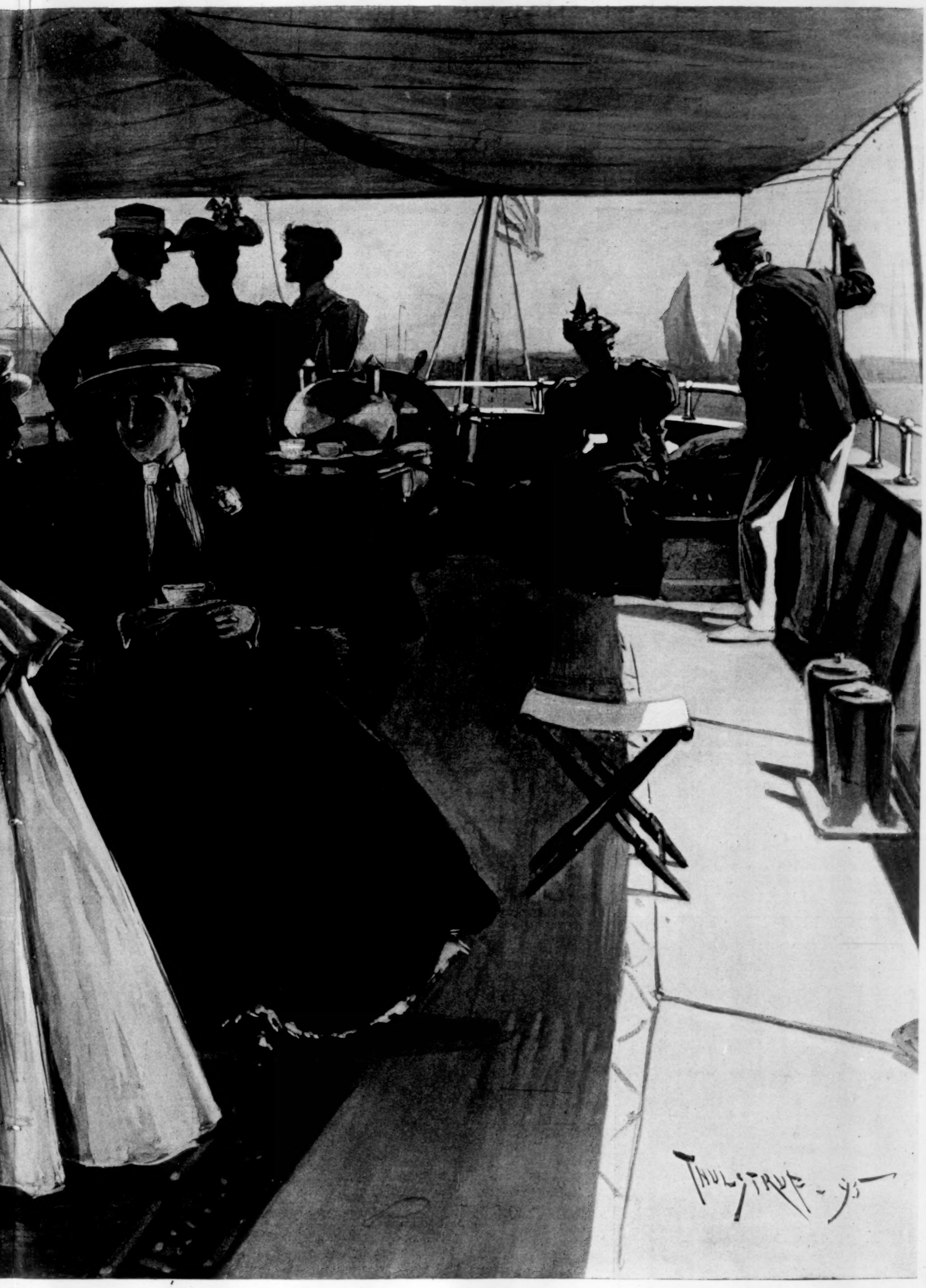
This, however, did not discourage the counsel. The fact that he had no case in the District Court was cheerfully accepted by him as a basis for an appeal to the Supreme Court, and for the positive assertion made in the forum of the public press that his intention to appeal in a case which did not exist operated as a stay of proceedings in a case which had been finally passed on by the tribunal of last resort.

This opinion should not have influenced any one having any knowledge of law; but the Attorney-General of New York, being appealed to by the warden of the State prison as to his proper course, answered that "under the circumstances" he would advise that the safe course was to defer the execution until the appeal claimed shall have been disposed of or determined. This was on the day before the date which had been fixed for the execution. On May 1st the Governor granted another respite of a week, or to May 8th, to allow the warden, the Attorney-General, the Court of Appeals, the Court of General Sessions, and the District-Attorney's office to untangle themselves from the knot in which he had tied them up by his act of kindness.

On the 7th of May the District Attorney telegraphed to the Governor to instruct the warden to proceed with the execution. The Governor referred the matter to the Attorney-General. The Attorney-General again advised that, as a measure of additional safety, the prisoner should be brought before the Court of Appeals for resentence. As no new complication was invented, the sentence was again pronounced on May 27th. Within the week beginning on the first of July next the sentence will be carried out, and the case will reach its end, unless the ingenuity of lawyers can still further delay justice.

There has never been the slightest ground for questioning the guilt of the prisoner, the fairness of the trial, the regularity of the verdict, or the justice of the sentence. Not one single legal tribunal has found the slightest defect in any proceeding, and yet it will be at the least two years and two months between the verdict of the jury and the execution in this most remarkable illustration of the possibilities of the law's delay in criminal cases.

LUXURIES OF YACHTING—FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA



TEA.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 535.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CRISIS.

WHEN the gray dawn, to which so many looked forward, broke slowly over the waking city, it found on the leads of Froment's tower some pale faces, perhaps some sinking hearts. That hour, when all life lacks color, and all things, the sky excepted, are black to the eye, tries a man's courage to the uttermost, as the cold wind that blows with it searches his body. Eyes that an hour before had sparkled over the wine—for we had sat late and drunk the King, the Church, the Red Cockade, and M. d'Artois—grew thoughtful; men who a little before had shown flushed faces, shivered as they peered into the mist and drew their cloaks more closely round them; and if the man was there who regarded the issue of the day with perfect indifference, he was not of those near me.

Froment had preached faith, but the faith for the most part was down in the street. There, I have no doubt, were many who believed, and were ready to rush on death, or slay without pity. And there may have been one or two of these with us. But in the main, the men who looked down with me on Nimes that morning were either hardy adventurers, or local followers of Froment, or officers whose regiments had dismissed them, or—but these were few—gentlemen like St. Alais. All brave men, and some heated with wine; but not Froment only had heard of Favras hung, of De Launey massacred, of Provost Flesselles shot. Others could make a guess at the kind of vengeance this strange new creature La Nation might take, being outraged; and so, when the long-expected dawn at last warmed the eastern clouds, and, leaping across the sea of mist which filled the Rhone Valley, tinged the western peaks with rosy light, and found us watching, I saw no face among all the light fell on that was not serious, not one but had some haggard, wan, or careworn touch to mark it mortal.

Save only Froment's. He, be the reason what it might, showed as the light rose a countenance not merely resolute, but cheerful. Abandoning the solitary habit he had maintained all night, he came forward to the battlements overlooking the town, and talked and even jested; rallying the faint-hearted, and taking success for granted. I have heard his enemies say that he did this because it was his nature and he could not help it; that his vanity raised him not only above the ordinary passions of men but above fear; and that in the conceit of acting his part to the admiration of all, he forgot that it was more than a part, and tried all fortunes and ran all risks with as little emotion as the actor who portrays the Cid, or takes poison in the part of Mithridates.

This seems to me to amount to no more than saying that he was not only a very vain but a very brave man. And I admit it. No one who saw him that morning could doubt it, or that of a million he was the man best fitted to command in such an emergency; resolute, undoubting, even gay, he reversed no orders, expressed no fears. When the mist rolled away—a little after four—and let the smiling plain be seen, and the town and the hills, and from the direction of the Rhone the first harsh jangle of bells smote the ear and stilled the lark's song, he turned to his following with an air almost joyous.

"Come, gentlemen," he said, gayly. "Let us be stirring. They must not say that we lie close, and fear to show our heads abroad, or having set others moving, are backward ourselves—like the tonguesters and dreamers of their knavish assembly, who, when they would take their King, set women in the front rank to take the danger also. Allons, messieurs! They brought him from Versailles to Paris. We will escort him back. And to-day we take the first step."

Enthusiasm is very contagious. A murmur of assent greeted the words, and eyes that a moment before had been dull enough grew bright. "À bas les traîtres!" cried one. "À bas le tricolor!"

Froment raised his hand for silence. "No, monsieur," he said, nimbly. "On the contrary, we will have a tricolor of our own. Vive le Roi! Vive la Foi! Vive la Loi! Vivent les trois!"

A hundred voices shouted "Vivent les trois!" The words were taken up on lower roofs, and at windows, and in the street below, until they passed noisily away, after the manner of file-firing, into the distance.

Froment raised his hat gallantly. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "In the King's name I thank you. Before we have done, the Atlantic shall hear that cry, and La Manche re-echo it. And the Rhone shall release what the Seine has taken. To Nimes and to you, all France looks this day. For freedom! For freedom to live—shall knaves and scriveners strangle her? For freedom to pray—they rob God, and defile His temples. For freedom to walk abroad—the King of France is a captive. Need I say more?"

"No! No!" they cried. "No! No!"

"Then I will not," he answered, hardily. "But I will show that here at least, at Nimes at least, God and the King are honored, and their servants are free! Give me your escort, and we will walk through the town and visit the King's posts, and see if any one here dare cry, À bas le Roi!"

They answered with a roar of assent and menace that shook the very tower, and trooping to the ladder, descended by it to the roof of the house, and so to the staircase. Sitting on the battlements of the tower, I watched them pass in a long stream across the leads below, their hilts and buckles glittering in the sunshine, their ribbons waving in the breeze, their voices high and distinct. I thought them a gallant company—the greater part were young, and all had a fine air; and not without sympathy I watched them vanish one by one in the head of the staircase by which I had ascended. One-half had disappeared when I felt a touch on my arm, and found Froment, the last to leave, by my side.

"You will stay here, monsieur," he said, in an undertone of meaning, his eyes lowered to meet mine. "And if the worst happens, I need not charge you to look to mademoiselle."

"Worst or best, I will look to her," I answered.

"Thanks," he said, his lip curling. "But in the latter case I will look to her myself. Don't forget, that if I win, we have still to talk, monsieur."

"And yet, God grant you may win!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"You have faith in your swordsmanship," he said, with a slight sneer; and then, in a different tone, "No, monsieur, it is not that. It is that you are a French gentleman And as such I leave mademoiselle to your charge without a qualm. God keep you!"

"And you!" I said. And I saw him go after the others.

It was then about five o'clock. The sun was up, and the tower roof, left silent in my sole possession, seemed so bright and peaceful and still, with the stillness of the early morning, which is akin to innocence, that I looked about me dazed. I stood on a different plane from that of the world below, whence the roar of greeting that hailed Froment's appearance came up harshly. Another shout, and another, that drove the affrighted pigeons in a circling cloud high above the roofs; and then the wave of sound began to roll, with an indescribable note of menace, southward through the city.

And I remained alone on my tower, raised high above the strife. Alone, and with time to think, and to think some grim thoughts. Where now was the sweet union of which half the nation had been dreaming for weeks? Where the millennium of peace and fraternity to which Father Benoît and the Syndics of Giron and Vlais had looked forward? And the abolition of divisions? And the rights of man? And the other ten thousand blessings that philosophers and theorists had undertaken to create—the nature of man notwithstanding—their system once adopted? Ay, where? From all the smiling country round came the clanging of importunate bells. From the streets below rose the sounds of riot and triumph. Along this or that road, winding ribbonlike across the plain, hurried little flocks of men—now seen for the first time—with glittering arms; and last and worst—when some half-hour had elapsed—from a distant suburb westward, boomed out a sudden volley, and then dropping shots. The pigeons still wheeled in a shining crowd above the roofs, and the sparrows twittered round me, and on the tower, and on the roof below, where a few domestics clustered, all was sunshine and quiet and peace. But down in the streets I knew that death was at work.

Still, for a time I felt little excitement. It was early in the day, I expected no immediate issue, and I listened almost carelessly, following the train of thought I have traced, and gloomily comparing this scene of strife with the brilliant promises of a few months before. But, little by little, the anxiety of the servants below infected me. I began to listen more acutely; to fancy that the tide of conflict was rolling nearer, that the cries and shots came more quickly and sharply to the ear. At last, in a place near the barracks, and not far off, I distinguished little puffs of light white smoke rising above the roofs, and twice a rattling volley in the same quarter shook the windows. Then in one of the streets below me I saw people running—running towards me.

I called to the servants to know what it was.

"They are attacking the Arsenal, monsieur," one answered.

"Who?" I said.

But the man only shrugged his shoulders and looked out more intently. And by-and-by, while I followed his example, a babel burst out below me, a great crowd entered the nearer end of the street, and pouring along it with loud cries and brandished arms, and a crucifix and a little body of monks in the middle, swirled away round the farthest corner and was gone. For some time after this I could hear the burden of their cries, and trace it towards the barracks, whence the crackle of musketry still came at intervals; and I concluded that it was a reenforcement, and that Froment had sent for it. And then, looking down, I saw that half the servants had vanished, and that figures were beginning to skulk about the streets, hitherto deserted; and I began to tremble. The crisis had come sooner than I had thought.

I called to one of the men and asked him where the ladies were.

He looked up at me with a pale face. "I don't know, monsieur," he answered, rapidly; and he looked away again.

"They are below?"

But he was watching too intently to answer, and only shook his head impatiently. I was unwilling to leave my place on the roof, and I called to him to take my compliments to Madame St. Alais and ask her to ascend. It seemed strange that she had not done so, for women are not generally lacking in the desire to see.

But the man was too frightened to think of any one but himself—I fancy he was one of the cooks—and he did not move; and his companions only cried, "Presently, presently, monsieur!"

At that, however, I lost my temper, and going to the ladder, ran down it and strode towards them. "You rascals!" I cried. "Where are the ladies?"

One or two turned to me with a start. "Pardon, monsieur?"

"Where are the ladies?" I repeated, furiously.

"Ah! I did not understand," the nearest answered, glibly. "Gone to the church to pray, monsieur."

"To the church?" I exclaimed.

"To be sure. By the Capuchins."

"And they are not here?"

"No, monsieur," he answered, his eyes straying. "But—what is that?"

And he skipped nimbly from me, his cheek a shade paler. I followed him to the parapet, and looked over. The view was not so wide as from the tower, but the main street leading westward could be seen, and it was full of people; of scattered groups and handfuls coming towards us, some running at an easy pace, others walking quickly—four or five abreast, and often looking behind them.

The servants never doubted what it meant. In a trice the group broke up. With a muttered "We are beaten!" they ran pell-mell across the sunny leads to the head of the staircase, and began to descend. I waited awhile, looking and fearing; but the stream of fugitives continued, and increased, the pace grew quicker, the last comers looked more frequently behind them and handled their arms, the din of yells and cries and shots seemed to be approaching; and in a moment I made up my mind to act. The staircase was clear now; I ran quickly down as far as the door on the upper floor, by which I had entered the house the evening before. I tried it and recoiled; the door was locked! With a cry of annoyance, my haste growing feverish—for now I was in ignorance what was happening, and pictured the worst—I went on, descending round and round, until I reached the cloisterlike hall at the bottom.

This I found crowded with men, armed, grim-faced, and furious, pouring in from the street. A moment later and I should have found the staircase choked by the stream of people ascending, and I must have remained on the roof. As it was I could not for a minute or two force myself through the press, but was thrust against a wall and pinned there by the push inwards. Next me, however, I found one of the servants in like case, and I seized him by the sleeve. "Where are the ladies?" I said. "Have they returned? Are they here?"

"I don't know," he said, his eyes roving.

"Are they still at the church?"

"Monsieur, I don't know," he answered, impatiently; and then seeing, I think, the man for whom he was searching, he shook me off with the churlishness of fear, and flinging himself into the crowd, was gone.

All the place was in a hurly-burly of men entering and leaving, shouting orders, or forcing themselves fiercely through the press. Some cried for Froment, others to close the doors; one that all was lost, another to bring up the powder. The disorder was enough to turn the brain; and for a moment I stood in the heart of it, elbowed and pushed and tossed this way and that. Where were the women? Where were the women? The doubt distracted me. I seized half a dozen and asked them, but they only cried out fiercely that they did not know, how should they! Or shook me off savagely and escaped, as the servant had; for all here, for the most part, were of the commoner sort. I could see nothing of Froment, nothing of St. Alais, and only one or two of the gallants who had gone with them.

I do not think that I was ever in a more maddening position. Denise might be still at the church and in peril there, or she might be in the streets exposed to dangers on which I dared not dwell, or she might be in the next room, or safe upstairs, or on the roof! In the unutterable confusion it was impossible to know or learn, or even move quickly, and after waiting a minute, which seemed a lifetime, in the hope of seeing Froment return, I lost patience and battled my way through the press to a door which appeared to lead to the lower part of the house.

Passing through it, I found the same disorder ruling; here men, bringing up powder from the cellars, blocked the passage, there others appeared to be rifling the house. I had little hope of finding those whom I sought below-stairs, and after glancing this way and that without result I lighted on a staircase, and ascending quickly to the second floor, hastened to Denise's room. The door was locked.

I hammered on it madly and called, and waited and listened and called again, but heard no sound from within. Convinced at last, I left it, and tried the nearest doors. The first two were locked also, and the rooms as silent; the third and fourth were open and empty. The last I entered was a man's.

The task was no long one, and occupied a very few seconds. But all the time, while I rapped and listened and called, though that corridor was quiet as death and echoed my footsteps, the house below rang with cries and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

"MEN BRINGING UP POWDER FROM THE CELLARS BLOCKED THE PASSAGE."

shouts and hurrying feet, and I was in a fever. Madame might be on the roof. I turned that way. Then I reflected that if I climbed to it I might find the staircase blocked when I came to descend; and cursing my folly for leaving the hall—simply because my quest had failed—I hurried back to the stairs and dashed recklessly down them, and stemming as well as I could the tide of people that surged about the lower floor, I fought my way back to the hall.

I was just in time. Froment was entering with a little band of his braves, of whom several, I now observed, wore green ribbons, the Artois colors. His great stature raising him above the crowd of heads, I saw that he was wounded; a little blood was running down his cheek, and his eyes shone with the brilliance almost of madness. But he was still cool, he had still so much the command not only of himself but of those round him that the commotion grew still and abated under his eye. Men who before had only tumbled over and embarrassed one another, flew on the instant to their places, and though the howling of a hostile mob could plainly be heard at the end of the street, and it was clear that he had fallen back before an overwhelming force, resolution seemed in a moment to take the place of panic, and hope of despair.

Standing on the threshold with a discharged pistol in his hand, he gave a few short, sharp orders for the barricading of the door, and saw them carried out; and sent this man to one post, and that man to another. And then the crowd, which had before cumbered the place, melting as by magic, he saw me forcing my way to him. And he beckoned to me.

If he played a part, then let me say, once for all, he played it nobly. I read no fear and no envy in his face; and in what he said there was no ostentation.

"Get out quickly," he muttered in an undertone, forestalling the excited questions I had on my lips; "through yonder door, and by the little postern at the foot of the other staircase; by the east gate; and you will find horses at the St. Geneviève outside. It is over here!" he added, wringing my hand hard, and pushing me towards the door.

"But mademoiselle!" I cried, trembling; and I told him that she was not in the house.

"What?" he said, pausing, looking at me from under black brows. "Are you mad, man? Do you mean that she has gone out?"

"She is not here," I answered. "And I am told that she went to the church with Madame St. Alais; and has not returned."

"That beldam!" he exclaimed, with a terrible oath. And then, "God help them!" he said—twice. And then, after a moment of silence, meeting my eyes and reading the horror in them, he laughed harshly. "After all, what matter?" he said, recklessly. "We shall all go together! Let us go like gentlemen. I did what I could. Do you hear that?"

And he held up his hand as a roar of musketry shook the house. He gave an order. The small windows had been stopped with paving-stones, the door made solid with the opposite wall; finally, daylight being shut out, lamps had been lighted, and they gave the whitewashed, stone-groined room a strange sombre look. Or it was the grim faces I saw round me had that effect.

"I am afraid that the St. Alais are cut off in the Arènes," he said, coolly. "And they are not enough to man the walls. Those cursed Cèvennols have been too many for us. As for our friends, it is as I expected: they have left me to die like a bull in the ring. Well, we must die goring."

But in the midst of my admiration of his courage a kind of revulsion seized me. "And Denise!" I said, grasping his arm. "Are we to leave her to perish?"

He looked at me, his lip curling. "True," he said, with a sneering smile. "I forgot. You are not of us."

"I am thinking of her!" I cried, raging. And in that moment I hated him.

But his mood changed even while he looked at me.

"STANDING ON THE THRESHOLD, HE GAVE A FEW SHARP ORDERS FOR THE BARRICADING OF THE DOOR."

"You are right, monsieur," he said, in a different tone. "Go! There may be a chance; but the church is by the Capuchins, and those dogs were baying round it when we fell back. They are ten to one, or— Still there may be a chance," he continued, with decision. "Go, and if you find her, and escape, do not forget Froment of Nîmes."

"By the postern?" I said.

"Yes; and take this," he added abruptly, drawing a pistol from his pocket and forcing it on me. "Go; and I must go too. Good fortune, monsieur, and farewell. And you, bark away, you dogs!" he continued bitterly, addressing the unconscious mob. "The bull is on foot yet, and will toss some of you before the ring closes!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CEYLON RAILWAY STATIONS.

TWO things strike the traveller in relation to the railway system in Ceylon, which, as they are connected with the peculiar position of the lines as wholly government departments, are worthy of special note. One of these is the admirably solid and substantial character of the lines and all their surroundings, and the other the expenditure of taste and artistic sentiment upon the stations and the buildings that belong to them. Our own Western ideas, which are certainly shared by European communities in Europe, connect everything that is prosaic and essentially utilitarian with a railroad and all that belongs to it more than perhaps with anything else. A certain beauty that goes with perfect suitability to its object there may be seen in some of the better classes of our railway depots, but any attempt at that beauty and grace so universal in the stations of the Ceylon railways is a thing as yet unthought of, or at least unattempted, with us.

A good deal of this is no doubt due to the lines being entirely in the hands of the government. The lines so far as at present completed are a financial success, yet it must be confessed the whole appearance of things gives less the impression of a money-making machine than we are accustomed to in connection with a railroad. There is a solidity about the works generally very unlike much that is seen on lines of much greater length, and even on some carrying much greater traffic, with us. This feature appears curiously to extend even to the officials, who, while exceedingly polite and perfectly efficient, have about them the unmistakable stamp of the government official. It is to be noted that throughout the Ceylon railways the station-masters are in all cases Singhalese natives, and that the really beautiful artistic effects produced at the stations are the results of their unaided taste and skill. It goes, of course, without saying that nature's profusion of splendid leaf and gorgeous flower in Ceylon has had much to do with this most pleasing feature of the island railways, but much also is due to the management of the line, and especially of its general manager, Mr. Pearce. It was his idea to improve the appearance of the stations on the line by encouraging whatever there might be of artistic capacity on the part of the station-masters by introducing a spirit of emulation among them in the beautifying of their own particular station-houses by the introduction of gardening. Prizes were therefore offered for the best-kept garden and the best-adorned station buildings along the line, which was interpreted to mean the most successful use of flower plants and foliage in the embellishment and decoration of the general surroundings of the stations. The result has been such as much more than justifies the new departure in railroad decoration, and even tends to establish a high estimate of the artistic capabilities of the native races of Ceylon.

There are, indeed, few more beautiful sights than some of these way-side stations—the English term station prevails in Ceylon, as it does in all the Eastern possessions of Britain—where exquisitely kept gardens with artistic fountains, symmetrical walks, and beds blazing with blossoms of gorgeous color surround the station buildings, while groups of ferns surround the columns of the deep verandas, and gorgeous climbing plants creep up the pillars and festoon the arches. At some of the stations even those most prosaic objects, the water-tanks, have been subjected to the beautifying hand of nature, and, as in one of our illustrations, have been transformed into things of beauty, instead of continuing, as with us, things of the barest utility.

There are special reasons which have rendered this important in a climate like that of Ceylon, where the glare of the tropical sunshine is no small trial to the eyes, at least of strangers. As a rest and refreshment to the eye, wearied by the blaze of light, it is hard to overestimate the benefit of these oases in the parched and hot road to the eyes of travellers. It is also to be remembered that few climates lend themselves in the same degree as that of Ceylon to a system of floral decoration such as this. A country in which there is no winter, and in which all plants are ever green and many nearly ever flowering, is one that seems pointed out by nature itself as that in which foliage and floral decoration should prevail.

Our artist has happily selected his illustrations in a way to display both the peculiarities to which we have referred and those of the people, who in Ceylon always form a very marked feature in a railway landscape. The native peoples of the country, of all ranks and shades of color, are the most indefatigable of railway travellers; indeed, it was stated after the railway to the hills had been in operation for five years that there were natives who had never missed a day of railroad travel. The station at Colombo is, of course, the largest and most substantial on the lines, as it is the terminus of both branches of the railroad, and the view somehow expresses very successfully the white intensity of the sunshine, which is nowhere more apparent than at Colombo. The station at Gampoba, on the other hand, fairly represents the larger class of hill-country stations, with their red-tiled roofs and their miscellaneous crowds of Singhalese, Tamils, and half-castes of various hues and denominations, representing the various races that have successfully invaded Ceylon in the last three hundred years. It is but fair to say that no more orderly crowds could be found in any part of the world, and that, on the whole, the management and conduct of the Ceylon railways could apparently hardly be improved upon.

A GARDEN.

I KNOW a balmy garden, her beauty is its light,
Her smiles its rosy music, her thoughts its flowers white.

Among these snow-white flowers I drift, a happy bee,
Joy-thrilled on wings of music whene'er she smiles on me.

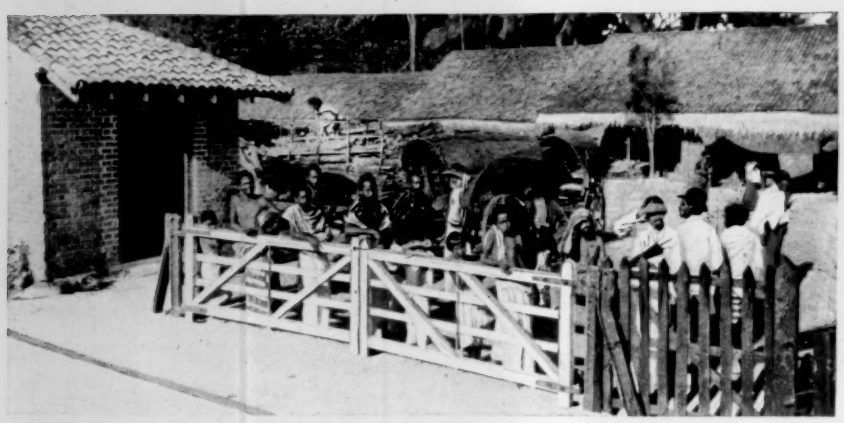
Among the shining flowers I'd dwell, oh happy fate!
Lord of the sunny province, with Love to guard the gate.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE STATION AT COLOMBO.

OUR TRAIN AT RAMBUKANA.

GROUP OF TAMIL COOLIES WAITING FOR A TRAIN.

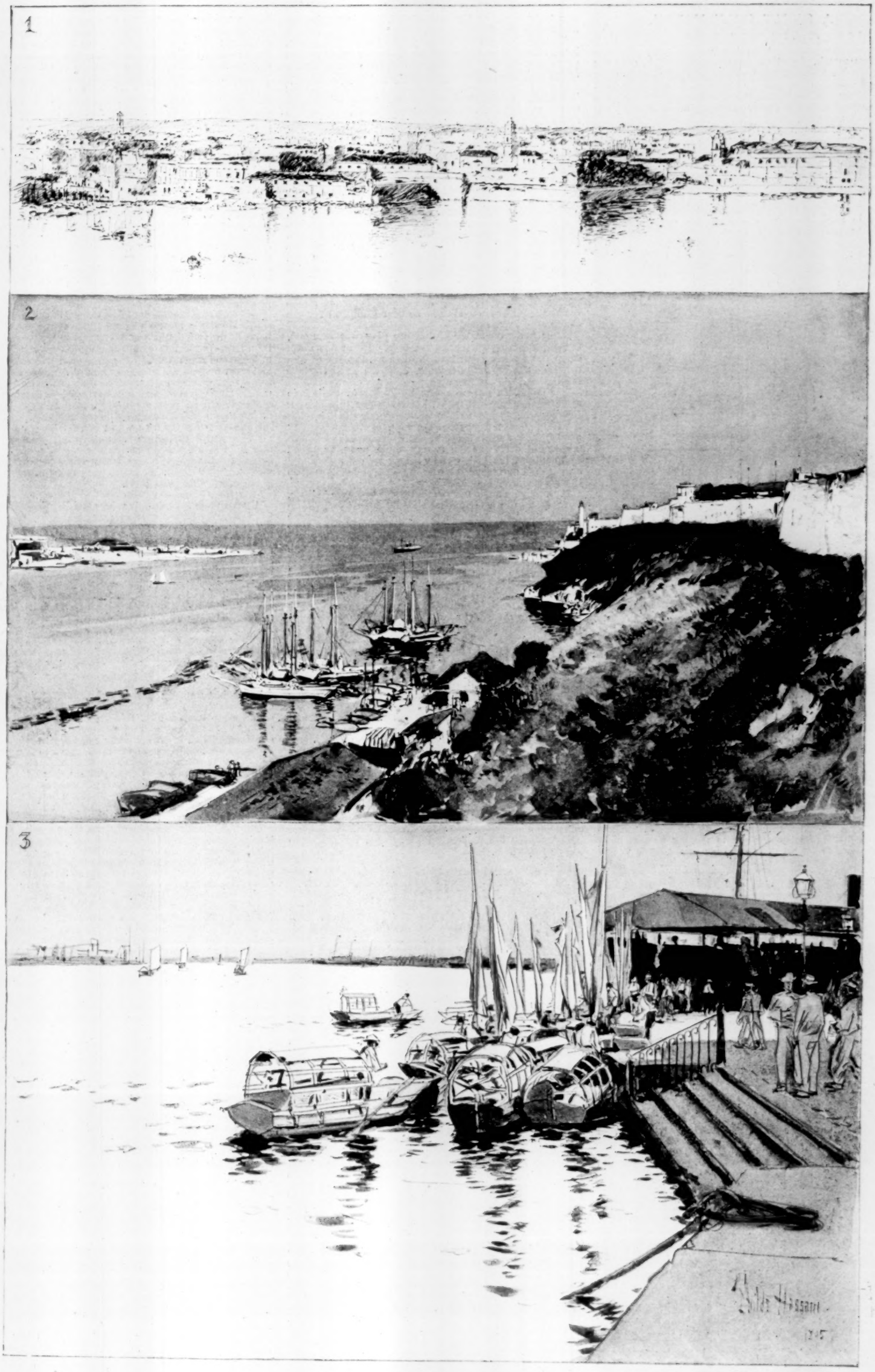


AT A TRACK CROSSING.

THE WATER-TANK AT GALBODA.

SCENE AT THE STATION AT GAMPOBA.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN CEYLON—RAILWAY STATIONS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 541.]



ALONG THE WATER-FRONT OF HAVANA, CUBA.—Drawn by Childe Hassam.

1. Havana from Fort Cabañas. 2. Entrance to the Harbor of Havana—Fort Cabañas and Morro Castle. 3. The Landing at the Custom-House.

A GREAT GOLF MATCH.

BY JOHN REID, PRESIDENT OF THE ST. ANDREWS GOLF CLUB.

THE match played on Saturday, May 25th, over the links at St. Andrews was watched with much interest by many lovers of the game, particularly because Campbell has never won the championship, although his record in private matches with Park and other professionals is probably unsurpassed.

Willie Park, Jun., was born in Musselburgh, Scotland, in 1864, and is the son of Willie Park, who, next to old Tom Morris, is the most noted figure in the annals of Scottish golfing. He was the winner of the championship belt in 1860, this being the year in which the first competition was inaugurated. In 1863, 1866, and 1875 he also won. His brothers David and Mungo were likewise well-known players, Mungo winning the championship in 1874. So that it is plain that young Park has been brought up amid all the traditions of the game, and he has also proved his ability to maintain the family reputation. He has won the championship twice, and his record in score-playing is of the best.

Willie Campbell is also a Musselburgh man, probably a year or two older than Park, and although he has never

WILLIE PARK, JUN.,
Winner of the Professional Golf Match.

succeeded in winning the championship, he has a record at least equal to any of the younger professional players. He was not in his best form Saturday, his right hand being swollen and bandaged because of ivy poisoning.

There is a very marked difference in the style of the two men, Park's play being characterized by careful deliberation, while Campbell's is more rapid and less studied. The rapidity of his swing rather weakens faith in the old maxim of "slow back." Park proved to be the stronger driver of the two, not only from the tee, but in playing through the green with his cleek. In the approach shots Campbell held his own, while in putting he was more than a match for his opponent, five or six times holing out five to ten yards from the hole. Putting has always been a notable feature of his game, and it is recorded in *Badminton* that in a match with Archie Simpson in 1889 he actually holed nine putts of from three to fifteen yards.

Saturday's match was started promptly at eleven o'clock, Mr. A. L. Livermore, captain of the St. Andrews Club, scoring, while the president of the club, Mr. John Reid, acted as umpire. Park drove off for the first hole with a good clean straight carry, while Campbell topped his ball, and failed to carry the walls about sixty yards in front of the first tee. His second shot got him over the walls, but the next was badly topped, and only brought him up to Park's drive. Campbell then got into the bushes, and so finally gave up the hole. (Park one up.)

The second hole being a short one (156 yards), both men drove with the cleek, Park getting well on the edge of the green, Campbell going off to the right. This lost him a stroke, as he had to play out to get on equal terms with Park, who holed out in three, Campbell taking four. (Park two up.)

Both made good drives for the third hole, Park outdriving Campbell about ten yards, and taking four strokes to hole out. (Park three up.)

Park won the next hole, and for the fifth both men made good straight drives. Both made the green in two, and took two more strokes to hole out. Then a long drive carried Park well up the hill to the sixth hole, Campbell's drive being much shorter, but a good putt enabled him to tie the hole with his opponent.

Both men drove off well for the seventh hole, which is the longest, the distance being over 500 yards. Campbell played a brassey shot, which carried the ball over the wall and well to the left, Park getting a good cleek shot, which also carried the wall, but left him in line with the bunker in front of the green. This hole cost him eight strokes, while Campbell made it in six, thereby reducing Park's lead to three up.

Both drove off in good style for the eighth, making the green in three, and Campbell went down in three, thus reducing Park's lead to two.

But in driving off for the ninth hole Campbell pulled his ball, and struck the trees, while Park drove a long straight ball well up to the green, ending the first round with three up.

A very long drive by Park opened the play on the second round, Campbell also getting well off the tee. Both made the green in four, but it took Campbell two strokes to hole out, making Park again four up.

A cleek drive for the eleventh laid Park's ball on the green within three feet of the hole, near enough to enable him to hole out on the second shot, thus increasing his lead to five up.

Both took three strokes to get on the twelfth green. Park missed a short putt, while Campbell made a long putt and went down in four, winning the hole, and reducing Park's lead again to four up.

Campbell's drive to the thirteenth hole was badly putted; but Park, who had made a very long straight drive, got on the green in two and took four to hole out, making him again five up.

He made a very long drive for the fourteenth hole, while Campbell's was topped, and did not carry far beyond the bunker. Nevertheless, a good approach and a long putt enabled him to tie the hole.

For the fifteenth Park made a splendid drive, carrying the ball over two hundred yards up hill. Campbell's drive was short, and Park thus made it six up.

Both made long straight drives for the sixteenth hole, and Park increased his lead to seven up, allowing Campbell to tie him in the next hole. In driving for the eighteenth hole Park slightly toed his ball, carrying it into the ploughed field to the right. Campbell, however, got well up to the green with a long drive, and made the hole in four, Park taking five, this reducing Park's lead to six up.

This ended the half of the match, Park having made the eighteen holes in eighty-one strokes, being one stroke fewer than Dunn took when he beat Campbell for the championship last year.

After luncheon at the club-house play was resumed, Campbell driving off for the first hole. He made a clean drive, but Park carried into the hazard, and it cost him three shots to get out of trouble. Campbell made the hole in five, leaving Park five up.

The twentieth hole was won by Park, who made it in three, while Campbell took the twenty-first. In driving for the twenty-second Campbell topped his ball, leaving it within about ten yards of the wall. Park got away in good style, and made his score again six up. He also made a splendid drive for the twenty-third, while Campbell again topped his ball; but by a long approach shot and a long putt he managed to tie the hole, and followed up this success by winning the next.

Both players made fine drives for the twenty-fifth hole, Park getting in a second with his cleek that carried the wall. Campbell was less successful, and Park made the hole in five strokes, which for this hole is good golf. For the twenty-sixth both got well away on the drive, but took four to get on the green, where by a long putt Campbell got the hole.

In his drive to the twenty-seventh Campbell repeated what he did in the first round, and got into the trees, but managed to hold his own. Both made good drives for the twenty-eighth, Campbell getting in a long brassey shot. Park was well up on his second, and made seven up and eight to go, which left the result of the match no longer in doubt.

The match closed at the thirty-first hole with something quite sensational in the way of a drive from Park. The distance from the tee to this hole is 233 yards. This he overdrove about fifteen yards, making a drive of 248 yards, which is surely the record for this country, and is one which has rarely been beaten under the same conditions. The ball landed on level and grassy ground, and had a very short run. Longer drives we have read about, but they were made mostly under different conditions. The runs have been slightly down hill, or the ground has been frozen; but never have we seen a straighter, stronger, or more beautiful carry than the last drive of Willie Park's in this match. Campbell played up well for this hole, and managed to tie Park at four each. This, however, gave Park the match, as he was six up and five to go.

Campbell, though beaten, very cheerfully agreed to play out the bye of five holes for the benefit of the spectators, who followed the players with unabated interest up to the very last hole.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Summer Night Concert Association of New York proposes to lease the Madison Square Garden for six weeks, beginning July 15th, proximo, and give six orchestral concerts a week, with a grand orchestra under the direction of Mr. Frank Van der Stucken or some other first-rate director. It will cost fifty cents each for the 1600 best seats at these concerts, and twenty-five cents for the 4200 next-best ones, and the gallery seats will be fifteen cents. The Garden will be turned into a bower of green, smoking will be allowed, and light refreshments served at the Madison Square end, and to occupants of the side seats back of the boxes. All this if the plan goes through. But of course it will go through, for the association back of it is a group of ladies who have been impressed by the alarming prevalence of objectionable stage amusements in New York, and who wish to provide for the entertainment of decent people in a decent place by cheap and admirable summer concerts. They believe that the concerts will make money, but they are not willing to start them until they have funds enough in hand to pay two weeks' rent of the Garden ($5000) and the hire of the orchestra for the whole period at $2500 a week. So they want $20,000, and they propose to raise it by selling five-dollar shares to persons who are "with them." The face value of the shares will be returned to the subscribers in admission tickets if they wish, or, if the concert prospers and pays expenses, their subscriptions will be paid back in money. No subscriber will be liable for more than the amount of his shares. The circular, addressed "to the friends of music in New York," which recites these facts, is signed by twenty-two ladies, among them Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. Stanford White, Mrs. Brayton Ives, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, Mrs. W. H. Draper, and Mrs. Francis P. Kinnicutt. A circular characterized by such moderation and seeking so sensible and popular an end seems to need no further recommendation than it bears on its face.

The late John A. Morris seems to have been a very successful person, according to his own standards and in his own particular line of business. Without violence to the respect which seems to be due to men of very large means, however acquired, he might perhaps be described as a gambler, were it not for the fact that there was no great risk in the business by which he got together his huge fortune, and that he profited not so much by taking chances himself as by the gamblings of others. In his willingness to get rich by the most convenient means he was comparable to the late Mr. Jay Gould, and he resembled Mr. Gould also in the intelligence with which he regulated his private and family life, and in the astuteness with which he sought to derive real happiness from his winnings. He was an exceedingly liberal man, and gave great sums to charity and public uses, especially in New Orleans, though whether his disbursements there should be regarded as gifts or as bribes is a nice question, the determination of which need not here be attempted. For a good many years he was felt to be about the most powerful enemy to public morals that America contained. The respectable sentiment of the land was organized to wrench him loose from the carcass he fattened on, and though he hung on with a leechlike grip, the public effort was finally successful, and his lottery, if not absolutely driven out of the land, was reduced to comparatively harmless dimensions. No man of his time seems to have done more than Morris to improve the breed of horses and corrupt the breed of men. He seemed to take great pleasure in the former enterprise, and to regard with entire equanimity the issues of his activity in the latter pursuit. No doubt he was punished to some extent for the harm he did; no doubt it annoyed him to be looked upon by a large proportion of his fellow-citizens as the most mischievous American of his generation; but at least he had sense enough not to punish himself. Like Gould, he seems to have been a good husband and a kind and affectionate father, and to have practised such temperance and moderation in his personal habits as seemed best adapted to the keeping of a sane mind in a sane body. Regarding him as a highwayman who "held up" the society of his time and took tribute from it, it must be conceded that he was very good at his trade, getting out of it about all of the advantages which it could be made to yield, and evading or mitigating very many of the consequences of his misdemeanors.

A newspaper says that five thousand Baptist wheelmen from New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, Delaware, and Maryland are going to Baltimore on their bicycles to the convention of the Baptists' Young People's Union in July. "Baptist wheelmen" has a pleasant and reassuring sound. It is very much to the advantage of the bicycle to form evangelical connections, and to be associated now and then in people's minds with pious works and devotional aspirations. The fleet machine has taken such liberties with Sunday that it is liable to be looked upon by some of us as an invention of the Adversary, and of evil purport toward religion. It helps us to think better of it when we hear not only of its being bestridden by Baptists, but of being used by them to carry them hundreds of miles to one of the conventions of their church.

In the last number but one of the WEEKLY, in the article about "The Moving of a Modern Caravan," it was stated that Mr. James A. Bailey owns an equal interest with the Barnum estate in the "Greatest Show on Earth," and that when the profits reach $20,000 two checks of $10,000 each are drawn, of which one goes to Mr. Bailey and one to the Barnum estate.

When these statements were written down, not many months ago, they were true and accurate. But since then Mr. Bailey has bought out the Barnum interest in the show, and is now sole proprietor, and gets all the profits.

President Low's example, or some other equally happy incentive, has proved potent with an unknown giver, who has promised to put up another fine college building in upper New York. This time the college that is benefited is not Columbia, but the University of New York. The building which is promised will be the central building on the new site on University Heights. Mr. Stanford White has drawn plans for it, which will probably be accepted. They call for an expenditure of $250,000, and provide for a museum, library, commencement hall, and administration offices, all in one building. Among the buildings already erected on the University Heights site are the Hall of Languages, the Charles Butler Hall, the Havemeyer Laboratory, Association Hall, laboratories and lecture-rooms for Physics and Engineering, Geology and Biology, and the Gymnasium. Harlem promises to be architecturally the show end of the city. With so many notable halls of learning, piety, and charity rising actually or in prospect on far uptown sites, it is comforting to remember that within two or three years the bicycle has made upper New York both attractive and accessible to thousands of New-Yorkers who do not live there, and except for the bicycle would seldom go there. As it is, they ramble around the Harlem avenues by the thousand, and rejoice in all the mighty works they see.

Florence has recently had another earthquake, and a pretty brisk one too. It seems a pity to waste an earthquake on Italy, where ruins are already abundant, while so many fifteen-story monstrosities in the United States are fairly bawling to be upset.

So it is Sir Henry Irving now, and Sir Walter Besant, and Sir Lewis Morris. Another year and it may be Lady Ellen Terry, Lady Oliphant, Sir Andrew Lang, Sir George Du Maurier, and Sir John Tenniel. New times, new manners. Good times and good manners, of course; and yet it gives one a sense of having had a lucky escape to recall that if this fashion of embellishing authors and actors had gained headway sooner, Dickens might have been Sir Charles to us, and Thackeray Sir William. Henry Irving can be king, pope, duke, or cardinal every night of his life if he chooses; it is almost a condescension for him to consent to be a plain knight by daylight.

The knighting of Besant and Morris seems to mark a new departure. Walter Scott was strenuous Tory enough to deserve recognition for his politics' sake, even if he had never written a novel or a poem. Tennyson was of such distinction that to make a lord of him was hardly to establish a precedent. But knighthood conferred on Mr. Besant and Mr. Morris does seem to afford a basis for expectation of similar honors by other writers of corresponding merit.

E. S. MARTIN.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC GAMES AT BERKELEY OVAL.

BY EVERT JANSEN WENDELL.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL FIELD MEETING of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, held at the Berkeley Oval on Friday and Saturday, May 24th and 25th, proved to be one of the most successful ever given under its auspices.

The weather was perfect, the track in fine condition, the entries numerous and dignified, the finishes close and exciting, and the records, with the exception of the bicycle, of very general excellence.

The most important innovation, as compared with former years, was the running off of the trials in the events necessitating them on the day preceding the regular meeting; and, on the whole, it proved to be a very wise step. Last year, owing to the number of trial heats in the various events, the first final heat to be competed was not reached until almost five o'clock, and Ramsdell's final victory in the 220-yards dash was accomplished almost in the dark; so that the Association wisely decided that this year the time had come to try the experiment of having the meeting cover two days instead. The two chief objections to the change were, first, that the spectators at the regular meeting might lose the opportunity of seeing the performances of a number of well-known athletes who might be shut out in the trials, and thus be prevented from competing on Saturday; and, secondly, that brisk competitions on the day preceding an important meeting might seriously affect the excellence of the records on the day when the events were finally to be decided, and when the great majority of the spectators would be present.

The first of these objections proved mildly well founded, although the major part of those who had been looked upon as probable winners in the various events secured the right to compete in the semi-finals and finals at Saturday's meeting. Still, a number of men whose names were well known as athletes of merit were shut out, and their performances were witnessed only by the much smaller number of spectators at Friday's meeting.

In the 100-yards dash H. G. Chatain, of Columbia, J. W. Scoggins, of California University, and C. T. Buchholz, of the University of Pennsylvania, failed to secure places in the semi-finals; in the 220-yards dash H. R. Storrs, of Harvard, was shut out; in the 120 yards hurdle Bijur of Columbia, and in the 220-yards hurdle Salazar, also of Columbia, lost their places; in the quarter-mile run Scoggins of California, Brokaw of Princeton, Gerard of Yale, and Marshall and Bingham of Harvard failed to qualify for Saturday, though Bingham's failure was due to the giving out of a muscle in his leg, which forced him to stop in the middle of the heat, and necessitated his being carried off the track—an injury the more to be deplored as he would probably have won the race the next day, which was finally secured by his college mate Vincent, whom he has been beating right along throughout the season. In the two-mile bicycle M. Dozier, of California, was forced out on to the grass beside the track, and so failed to secure a place; and W. R. Brinckerhoff, of Harvard, D. E. Baxter, of Columbia, and W. G. Douglas, of Pennsylvania (who is also one of the amateur swimming champions of America and a prominent member of the New York Athletic Club), fell in their heats, and, in addition to damaging themselves more or less badly, lost their opportunities to compete on Saturday.

In the field events, Patterson of Cornell, who had been heralded by his trainer, "Sparrow" Robertson, as a very likely winner in throwing the hammer, was beaten in the trials, as were Blark of Swarthmore, and Johnstone of Harvard; in the shot, Johnstone was also beaten, as was Edgren of California; in the pole vault Bowman of Columbia did not win a place; in the running high jump W. Patterson, of California, and W. E. Putnam, Jun., of Harvard, failed to qualify; as did Dozier of California, and Ramsdell of Pennsylvania (last year's winner), in the running broad jump.

One or two of these men did qualify in other events; but most of them did not; and to those who are familiar with the names of the well-known college athletes, and who could not come to Friday's meeting, the loss of many of the foregoing from Saturday's programme was a source of regret.

The second objection was not so apparent in its working—so far as appearances went—at this particular meeting; though a series of hard contests, or even one hard contest, on the day before an important race cannot, in most cases, fail to injure, even by a little, the next day's performance.

The athlete is a most unusual one who does not find himself benefited by knocking off the hard work of preparation, and by resting for two or three days before an important competition.

Hickok, in the shot, failed on Saturday to come up to his put of Friday, and won by the latter; and Sheldon of Yale and Stickney of Harvard won first and second places respectively in the running broad jump by their Friday's records.

I have little doubt that Paine's exertions in the trials of the shot and running high jump on Friday had much to do with his losing first place in the latter on Saturday; and I fancy that many of the runners and hurdlers on Saturday felt more or less handicapped by their Friday's exertions. The advantages, however, especially in the saving of time at Saturday's meeting, on the whole more than counterbalanced the disadvantages. The track events on Friday began at 2.10 P.M., and the last one was finished at 5.25 P.M.—the bicycle trials alone having consumed over an hour of the three hours and a quarter. On Saturday the meeting began at 2.05 P.M., and the last track event was concluded at 4.53 P.M.! No time was lost in running off the events on either day, so that if they had all been competed on Saturday alone, the track events would have lasted (adding Friday's three hours and a quarter to the time taken up by Saturday's meeting) until 8.08 P.M.

The field events would have taken longer, though one cannot get at the final result in the same way, for if they had all been competed on one day, many of the trials of Friday (which were merely to see who should compete on Saturday) would have been unnecessary. Still, as on each occasion the field events took longer than the track events (the pole vault on Saturday not ending until 5.15 P.M.), the chances are that they would have lasted even later than the track events.

The only other alternative, if the entry list must be so unwieldy, would be to have the trials in the morning of Saturday; but, of the two, the holding of them on Friday seems preferable, and this year's experiment will probably be made the practice for the future meetings of the Association.

Limiting the number of entries from a college for each event might bring about an entry list small enough to have all the events properly competed in one day; but as they have to be made so long before the meeting, this would often result in a number of good men being left out, or men being entered who, for unavoidable reasons, could not compete when the event was called, which would leave their college unrepresented, often in certain events in which it would have representatives if the entries, some weeks earlier, had not been limited in number.

(*Continued on page 548.*)

NEW DISCOVERY FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

WE can give sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism good advice, and that is to send for free treatment of Alkavis to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is a wonderful remedy, and will be sent to you free and postpaid, if you send your name and address.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FALSE ECONOMY

is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., New York.—[*Adv.*]

GET a bottle of Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to flavor your soda.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Pears' soap is extremely pleasant to use, because it has no fat or alkali in it; nothing but soap.

If afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. **Sozodont** is in high favor with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

Refreshed — revitalized — good health restored — all from using

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S *Malt-Nutrine.* TRADE MARK.

As delicious as it is healthful. At druggists.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

Hot Water Fountains

ARE FOUND IN

YELLOWSTONE PARK

THEY ARE CALLED

GEYSERS.

The cut shows the cone of one of them. Hundreds of them found there.

Through the vents or cavities shown in the picture the boiling water pours in torrents at the time of eruption.

A beautiful book that gives the theory of Geysers will be sent you for only SIX CENTS in stamps.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD,

St. Paul, Minn.

IT'S ON OUR LINE.

The New No. 2

Smith Premier Typewriter

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

HAVE YOU EXAMINED IT?

Many Improvements Heretofore Overlooked by Other Manufacturers.

Address

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. (Branch Offices in 29 principal cities in the United States.)

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $104,000,000. Assets, $27,049,118.95.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."

"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

S. Rae & Co.

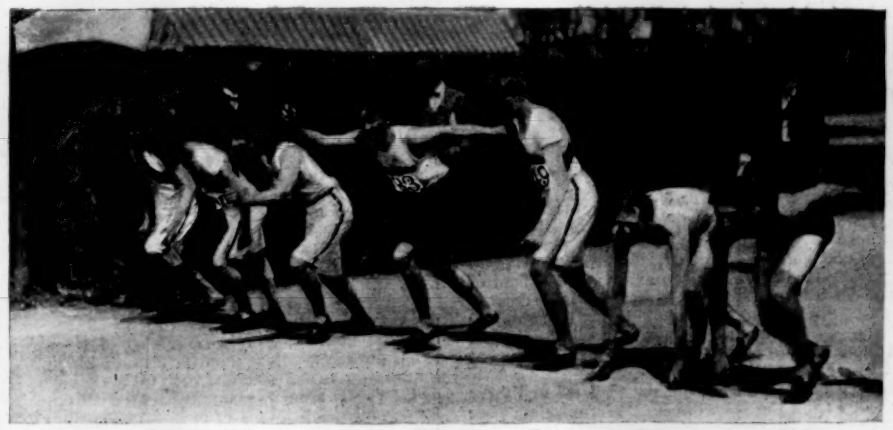
A Pint of Food

Now a real tonic is something to build you up, give you strength—not fictitious strength—but real strength. The world has lived on grains since the world began, and "bread is the staff of life." Bread is a support, but you can't lean on drugs and an empty stomach. A concentrated extract the very essence of that most invigorating grain, barley, with the soothing, gentle, somnolent, and wholly beneficent extract of hops, forms a true Tonic,—one that is a food. Food alone gives real strength. Ours is this kind. Barley for the body, hops for the nerves, the mind. There is a substance to it; it is vivifying, life-producing, gives vim and bounce—it braces. It is not merely a temporary exciting agent, either—it cures. Pabst Malt Extract is a builder,—feeds blood, brain and bone. It will quiet the nerves, give sleep, drive out dyspepsia, and for a nursing mother it is salvation for her self and baby. Add The "Best" Tonic to your regular food daily—a pint bottle is quite enough and you will be astounded at the results in two weeks.

Pabst Malt Extract
THE "BEST" TONIC

Five Little Books Sent Free Mention this Publication

ADDRESS
Pabst..Milwaukee



Boardman. Lakin. Crane. Kilpatrick. Hollister. Kingsley. Sichel.

START, HALF-MILE RACE.

Hollister. Kilpatrick.

FINISH, HALF-MILE RACE.

HICKOK THROWING THE HAMMER.

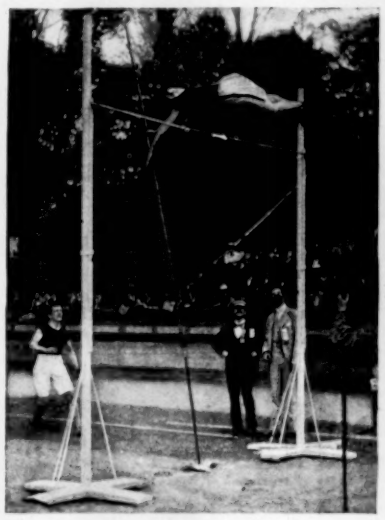
Cady. Torrey.

120-YARD HURDLE RACE (SEMI-FINAL).

HOYT POLE-VAULTING, 11 FT. 2¾ IN.

Bremer. Sheldon. Dyer.

220-YARD HURDLE RACE.



BUCHHOLZ POLE-VAULTING, 11 FT. 2¾ IN.

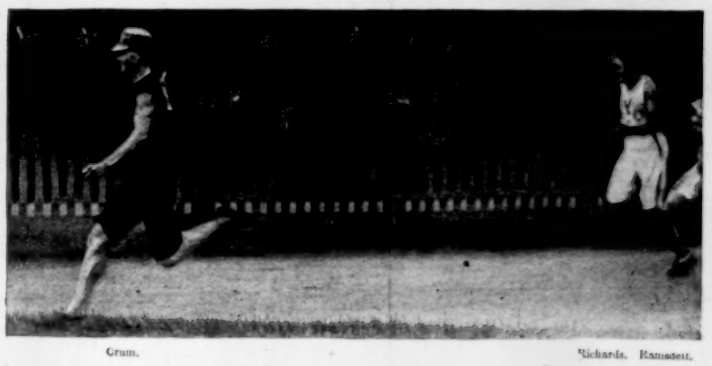
Patterson.

Richards. Crum. Ramsdell.

FINISH, 100-YARD RACE (FINAL).

Cleveland. Orton. Jarvis. Morgan. Coolidge. Wadhams. Kilpatrick.

ONE-MILE RACE—END OF FIRST QUARTER.



Crum. Richards. Ramsdell.

FINISH, 220-YARDS (FINAL).

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC GAMES AT THE BERKELEY OVAL, NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1895.—[See Page 545.]

(Continued from page 545.)

The management was capital, and the marshal, Mr. A. D. Peck, of the Boston Athletic Association, is to be congratulated on keeping the space inside the track freer than in my experience it has ever been kept before from persons having no business there.

Only one of the judges at the finish was allowed inside the rope, a little stand being erected for the other two judges and the three timers, outside the rope, on the outer side of the track.

Only the contestants in the field events, with the field officials, the clerk of the course and his assistants, the president of the I.C.A.A., the announcers, the track attendants (who had charge of putting up the hurdles and all that), and the men to start the bicycles, were allowed inside—and these last were obliged to go outside again at once when the race was started. Men were especially detailed to announce the results, officially, to the press representatives, whose covered stand was erected near the finish of the 100-yards dash; and every one agreed that Mr. Peck, Mr. Frank B. Ellis, of Philadelphia, the manager of the meeting, and the veteran referee and athlete, Mr. William B. Curtis, could not have managed the inner field better than they did.

All of the officials were competent and well chosen; but it was an amusing commentary on the limited knowledge of old-time college athletes, on the part of those who made up the list (which, by Article XIX. of the I.C.A.A. constitution, should be composed entirely of non-college men), to see included in it C. F. Matthewson, whose name is famous in the baseball annals of Dartmouth, "Link" Stuart, the well-known old-time sprinter of the College of the City of New York, and Charlie Reed, who probably has ridden bicycle races, on the Columbia College team, at more Inter-collegiate meetings than those who made up the list have ever attended.

Yale won the cup, and won it creditably, and on her merits.

Hickok won 10 of her 30 points with his first places in the hammer and shot, Sheldon won 5 more with his first place in the running broad jump, and Thrall 5 more by his plucky victory in the mile walk.

Richards, who never ran in prettier shape, gained 4 more by his second places in the 100 and 220 yards dashes, Cady another 2 by his second place in the 220-yard hurdle race, Cross 2 more by his second place in the hammer, and Thomas and Brown the remaining 2 by third places respectively in the pole vault and the shot.

Hickok is a wonderful athlete, especially at the hammer. At the Harvard-Yale dual meeting on May 18th he threw it 129 feet 5½ inches, beating the then best collegiate record; on Friday, May 24th, at the trials, he again broke it with a throw of 132 feet 10 inches; and at the meeting on Saturday he bettered his record of the day before by throwing it 135 feet 7¼ inches. Such performances as these reflect credit on the Inter-collegiate Association, as well as on his own college; and he was deservedly applauded by every one for his brilliant showing. Cross's throw of 135 feet, for second place, is also deserving of the highest praise.

Thrall's hard-won victory over Houghton of Amherst and Phillips of Harvard in the one-mile walk was a splendid exhibition of pluck; but there was hardly a finish in all this great meeting, even in the trial heats, which was *not* plucky—the heats in the bicycle race always excepted.

Richards is one of the prettiest but one of the most uncertain sprinters on the track. One week he will show a wonderful burst of speed, and the next week the entire field will beat him. At this meeting, however, he was in his best condition, and if he had not met a most phenomenal man in John V. Crum, of Iowa University, he would have won both the 100 and 220.

As it was, he finished a very close second to Crum in the 100, and ran a pretty race for second place in the 220, though Crum won that as he pleased, and finished several yards in advance of Richards. The third man, almost neck and neck with Richards in each race, was last year's winner—Ramsdell of Pennsylvania.

Crum was the great surprise of the day, and is one of the fastest men ever seen at an Inter-collegiate meeting. Stories had come from the West of his wonderful prowess, but, as usual, they were not credited; and Eastern men fully expected Ramsdell, Richards, Patterson, and perhaps Derr, to beat him.

He came out for the first trial heats with a blanket wrapped around him, and a close-fitting cap pulled down behind so that it almost reached his neck, and with a small visor in front. This cap he wore all through the meeting, even in his races, and his running suit was tight-fitting and of black, relieved only by a decoration on the chest, which looked the conventional emblem for $; but which was explained by a friend of his, who sat at the press stand, as a monogram formed of the letters I. S. U.—standing for Iowa State University. He is a pleasant-looking fellow in face, dark-skinned, of medium height, and very muscular.

He got a bad start in his first trial heat, but soon caught his men, and cantered in so easily a winner in 10⅘ seconds that all the knowing ones recognized at once the fact that the rumors about him had not overstated his speed, and that he was by far the fastest man among all the field of sprinters. In each succeeding heat he clearly demonstrated that he was practically alone in his class among the starters, especially in the final heat, when he slipped again at the start, but overhauled his men with apparent ease and won by a yard in 10 seconds.

In the final heat of the 220 he got well off and drew steadily away from the field, finishing at a clipping pace a good five or six yards in front of Richards, his nearest competitor, who just beat Ramsdell out for second place.

Owing to Charlie Reed failing to stop his watch, Crum and the Inter-collegiate Association probably lost a world's record, for Bob Stoll's watch showed 21⅘ seconds, and nearly all the unofficial watches agreed with him. Charlie Reed, who was suffering from an injury to his hand, failed to stop his watch; and Mort Bishop, the only other official timer, called the time 22 seconds; so that as with only two official timers the slower time must be accepted, 22 seconds was duly announced as the record. It was uncommonly hard luck, for his running was superb, and I failed to find an old-time sprinter who did not believe that Stoll's watch was correct, and that Crum had actually covered the distance in the fastest time on record.

After his display of speed at the trials on Friday one or two of his competitors entered a protest against him on the ground that he was a professional runner, and that his name was not Crum at all; but no proof of their assertions was presented to any of the gentlemen of the press, and I failed to discover any legitimate reason for accepting the statement other than the fact of his very unusual speed.

Pending an investigation by the Inter-collegiate authorities, the medals won by him in the two events will be withheld. If there be really any ground for the charge, it is right and proper to have made it; but if, on investigation, it prove to be groundless, it is indeed too bad that two such brilliant victories should have been marred by charges of unfair dealing.

Crum's superiority over the other sprinters was all the more remarkable when one considers the unusual excellence of the records made by many of them in the preliminary heats. With the trials, second trials, semi-finals, and all, it was necessary to run fifteen trials in the hundred-yard race before the final heat was reached. Of these fifteen trials, thirteen were run in 10⅕ seconds, and the remaining two in 10⅖ seconds; while, as stated above, the final was run in 10 seconds, equalling the best college record in America and England. Of eight heats in the 220, preliminary to the final heat, none was slower than 22⅘ seconds, and two were run in 22⅕ seconds. All this is unusually good sprinting.

In the 120-yards hurdle race, the records were also unusual, owing largely to the presence of Chase of Dartmouth and the two California fliers, Dyer and Torrey. Two of the four trial heats, as well as the final heat, were run in 15⅘ seconds, which equals the best collegiate record, held by H. L. Williams, of Yale. The final heat was won by Chase, with the two sturdy Californians close on his heels.

One of the prettiest contests of the day was the half-mile run, in which Hollister of Harvard beat last year's champion, Kilpatrick of Union, in an even 2 minutes. Kilpatrick was over-confident, and set the pace nearly all the way, with Hollister, running with excellent judgment, in the middle of the bunch behind. On the straight of the last lap Kilpatrick spurted, but Hollister kept near to him, and lengthening his stride as they swung into the last hundred yards of the race, drew steadily up until he was even with him at fifty yards, and beat him out by two yards on the tape, amid tremendous enthusiasm.

Kilpatrick recovered sufficiently, later, however, to enter in the mile run, though after his exertions in the half-mile little was expected of him.

Yale had entered a light-haired, stockily built athlete named Cleveland to set the pace, and apparently to draw out Orton and Jarvis of Pennsylvania, who were the most dangerous men in the race. Cleveland did his best, and finally fell fainting on the ground beside the track as he finished the three-quarters of a mile. He had failed to tire out Orton, however, who finished, in beautiful form, in 4 minutes 23⅖ seconds, with Kilpatrick a good second in 4 minutes 25¼ seconds. Jarvis (last year's winner), who did not seem to be in his best condition, pluckily staggered in third, beating out Morgan of Yale and Coolidge of Harvard for the place by a superb effort.

We can thank Cleveland's forcing tactics for drawing Orton out to make this splendid record, which beats his own previous best collegiate record of 4 minutes 25 seconds, and we cannot refrain from a word of admiration of Kilpatrick's performance, which, coming so soon after his hard half-mile, was little short of marvellous.

Vincent of Harvard made up for Bingham's loss by running the quarter-mile handily in 50½ seconds, never being headed; and Bremer, also of Harvard, added to his already brilliant reputation in the 220-yards hurdle by running in 24⅘ seconds, with Cady of Yale and Dyer of California almost neck and neck directly behind him, for second and third places respectively. This equals the best collegiate record, which Bremer himself already held.

One of the most stubbornly contested events of the day was the pole-vault between Buchholz of Pennsylvania and Hoyt of Harvard. They both cleared 11 feet 2¾ inches, but failed at 11 feet 6¾ inches. This event lasted all through the meeting, Buchholz finally landing himself a winner in the jump-off at 10 feet 9½ inches—his winning jump, the last performance of the programme, being made at exactly 5.15 P.M. If Hoyt had won, and if Paine had won the high jump, as he was fully expected to do, Harvard would exactly have tied Yale in the number of points won at the meeting.

The bicycle races were tedious and stupid to a degree, and we will merely say that hereafter a dignified time limit should be set—to apply to every heat, as well as to the final—or else the event (which, properly conducted, is one of the prettiest on the list) had better be dropped from the programme altogether.

Since the meeting Bremer has been elected captain of the Harvard team for next year, and Sheldon captain of the Yale team, and I fail to see how a better selection could have been made in either case.

During the last sixteen years no college excepting Harvard or Yale has won the Inter-collegiate championship—Harvard having won it eleven times, and Yale five times. Pennsylvania made a grand effort to win it this year; but Hickok and his team proved equal to the emergency, and scored Yale's fifth victory, with a safe margin to spare.

If the management of the meeting for the next year or two is as good as was the management this year, and if the contests are as close and the finishes as brilliant as those of Saturday, the Inter-collegiate meeting ought soon to take rank with the boat-race at New London and the football game at Springfield as one of the most important college athletic events of the year.

THE FINAL GAME between the Harvard and Princeton nines on the Cambridge field, Decoration day, brought out little that was new. It merely illustrated what has been noticed during the season. The Harvard men *can* play a good game, but in emergency, in a tight place, Highlands is not a competent man. Paine was the only surprise on the Harvard side of the field, and the only reason for his weakness is to be found in the fact that he has been doing too much in the athletic field this year. His failure to equal even his average in the high jump at Berkeley Oval on the 25th was perhaps due to lack of constant practice, and in a similar manner his lamentable failure in the Princeton game was no doubt due to lack of training and practice with the nine. Time and again the Department has called attention to the fact, that on the whole, it is unwise for a college man to belong to more than one 'varsity team in a year, to say nothing of two 'varsity teams in one season. The first may be unwise, but the second is certainly disastrous in most cases. Paine is a clever athlete, and will make a good man for Harvard, but he should use judgment in his work. Princeton's work was as clean as anything we have had this season, and Wilson did quite as well with Williams as he did in the first Harvard game with Trenchard. Now that Altman is probably unable to go in on Saturday, June 8th, against Yale, it is likely that Wilson will be Princeton's pitcher. Trenchard may be able to catch. His thumb is doing well, and at least he may begin the game behind the bat. If he does, Princeton will be strong in the battery as elsewhere. This Harvard game, however, with Wilson and Williams as battery, showed conclusively that in a winning game, at any rate, these two men can work together satisfactorily.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"OFF FOR THE SUMMER? BON VOYAGE!"
BUT Put this in your Trunk.
You cannot do without
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
The most refreshing of all Perfumes.
The BEST THING for Sunburn and Tan.

"HIRES'"
Rootbeer contains enough sarsaparilla alone to give it the highest place as a promotor of good health. To this, add the most delicious herbs, roots, barks and berries and you have the reason why millions of people drink and grow healthful on Hires'
Rootbeer
A 25c. package makes 5 gallons
CHAS. E. HIRES CO., PHILA.

EMERSON PIANOS
60,000 SOLD
43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.
SWEET TONED.
SOLD ON MERIT.

MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE.
Every Instrument Fully Warranted.
Catalogues Free.
EMERSON PIANO CO. 92 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.
116 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hugh Van Style wears shirts made of Pride of the West.
Charlie Careless does not.

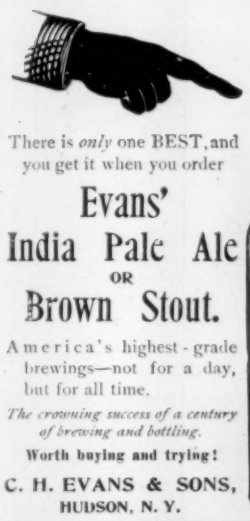
"Charlie, why *don't* you wear shirts made of
Pride of the West
muslin?"

DON'T USE DRUGS Nature will restore your health if you eat proper Foods. "THE FOOD CURE" gives new system for self-treatment. Just out. By mail 50c. Send stamp for circular. C. F. HART, Box 631, Phila.

Pall Mall Magazine
EDITED BY
Lord Frederic Hamilton, M.P., and Sir Douglas Straight.
JUNE NUMBER NOW READY.
PRICE 25 CENTS.
Among the contributors to the June number of this magnificent magazine are the following:
H. RIDER HAGGARD—continuation of "Joan Haste."
MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.—conclusion of "Qwee."
GRANT ALLEN—Evolution in Early Italian Art, II.
SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.—Cavalry in Waterloo Campaign, IV.
W. W. ASTOR—The Red Dwarf of Robenstein.
"A Son of the Marshes"—When leaves are green.
The Magazine is profusely illustrated throughout, and contains a photogravure plate and several illustrations in color.
Editorial and Publishing Offices: London, 18 Charing Cross Road, W.C. New York: International News Company. Toronto: The Toronto News Company. Montreal: The Montreal News Company.

THE HAIR. 24th Edition, 25c. (or stamps). Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER. A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa. "Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

If afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



There is *only* one BEST, and you get it when you order

Evans' India Pale Ale OR Brown Stout.

America's highest-grade brewings—not for a day, but for all time.

The crowning success of a century of brewing and bottling.

Worth buying and trying!

C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

A record of over half a century is a guarantee that cannot be questioned.

Every article used in

PHOTOGRAPHY

may be obtained from us.

CAMERAS

in every style, at all prices.

FREE. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue mailed FREE on application.

"Anthony's Photographic Bulletin," per year, $2.
"The International Annual for 1895," 75 cents.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

B&H LAMPS

AS EASY TO LIGHT AS GAS.

Sold by Leading Dealers everywhere. Made by

BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.,
MERIDEN, CONN.
New York. Boston. Chicago. Philadelphia.

Our Little Book Free.

BRILLIANT LIGHT — DOUBLE CENTRE DRAUGHT

I do use **WRIGHT'S ANTISEPTIC MYRRH TOOTH SOAP**, and I do have **BEAUTIFUL TEETH** and a sweet breath. Preserves the enamel. Heals the gums. Removes tartar. It's entirely free from acids, and all smart Dentists recommend its constant use. We're not afraid to send you a trial sample free. Write. Large box for 25 cents in stamps. LOOK OUT! There are imitations.

WRIGHT & CO., Chemists
Detroit, Mich.

Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

CAUTION.—See that the name **Beeman** is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.

Beeman Chemical Co.
19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of
Pepsin Chewing Gum.

MONARCH
King of all Bicycles.

TRADE-MARK.

Five Styles. Weights, 18 to 25 Pounds.
Prices, $85 and $100.

MONARCH CYCLE CO.
Factory and Main Office, Lake and Halsted Sts., Chicago.
Eastern Branch: 79 Reade St. & 97 Chambers St., N. Y.
The C. F. Guyon Co., Ltd., Managers.

Circular free.

Price, $5.00

Is what it is named.

If noted long-distance riders **always** use the **"Search Light" Lantern**, shouldn't you?—On the ground of greater proficiency *they* might take the risk of an inferior illuminator, but you cannot, unless you think your **life isn't worth** the difference; this will light 40 feet ahead of you.

Special Advantages—Central draft; burns unmixed kerosene; flame adjustable; filled outside.

Insist on the BEST—The **'Searchlight.'** Delivered for price, if your dealer won't supply you.

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO., - Bridgeport, Ct.
Or 19 Murray Street, New York City.

Its Like This.

You want a bicycle! You've got the money to make the payment. You are not so wealthy that you can afford to take chances on your investment, nor allow new manufacturers to experiment with your money. Then buy a machine with a reputation; a wheel that has been put through every conceivable test and not found wanting. The

. . . . WAVERLEY . . . .

was accepted as the finest machine shown at the National Cycle Exhibition by a mechanical expert in the employ of the Chicago Times; was accepted as the highest grade shown by seventy-five out of every one hundred cycle dealers who visited the show, and who substantiated their testimony by placing good orders for wheels; was accepted by the U. S. Government for the military post at St. Paul, and the mail carriers of many other cities, at list price, while all other makes were offered at cut prices. We have just published a new catalogue of testimonials, giving the opinions of prominent riders. Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.,
Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

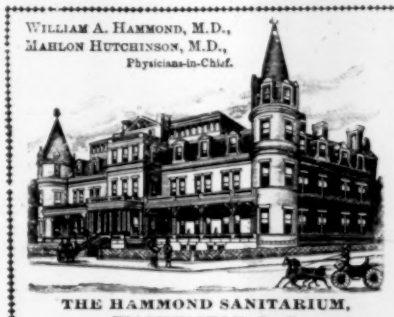
POPULAR NOVELS

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them, delivered FREE.

ADAMS & SONS CO.,
Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

William A. Hammond, M.D.,
Mahlon Hutchinson, M.D.,
Physicians-in-Chief.



THE HAMMOND SANITARIUM,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Hammond Animal Extracts,

Prepared according to the formula of
Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, at Washington, D. C.

CEREBRINE for the brain.
MEDULLINE for the spinal cord.
CARDINE for the heart.
THYROIDINE for goitre and skin diseases.
OVARINE, TESTINE, Etc.

PRICE: 4½ drachm bottle, $2.00.
2 drachm bottle, $1.00.

Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Pamphlet by request. Address
HAMMOND SANITARIUM CO., Washington, D. C.
Correspondence with physicians requested.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

Exact Size.

DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

Perfecto.

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

GOUT?

For Sale by Druggists.

PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S

PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

INSTANT RELIEF

for all afflicted with

TORTURING SKIN DISEASES

in a Single Application of

Cuticura

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring humours are simply marvellous.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all continental cities. British depot: **NEWBERY, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.**

No. 4711. Essence of RHINE VIOLETS

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES.

Wonderfully true to nature and more lasting than any other scent of its name. Distilled from freshly gathered Rhine Violets. A specialty *par excellence.*

All the rage in Europe at the present time.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.

Natural domestic Champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

FORTIFIES NOURISHES STIMULATES REFRESHES | Body and Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

TEUTONIC

A Concentrated Liquid Extract of

Malt and Hops.

It contains a greater amount of nutritious matter than any other **Liquid Malt Extract** in the market. For convalescents, nursing mothers, sufferers from insomnia and dyspepsia—superior to any other **Malt Extract** on account of its purity, and unexcelled as a pleasant appetizer, invigorant, and a valuable substitute for solid food.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Teutonic is a delightful table beverage.

S. LIEBMANN'S SONS' BREWING CO.,
36 Forrest St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

They all like it. The ladies like it So do the men. Even children enjoy it.

Some like a large one,
Others like them small,
Some like a loose one,
And some like them all.

But to us it matters not, as we make them in all sizes and can furnish you anything you wish in a

LAYMAN PNEUMATIC SPORTING AND OUTING BOAT.

To hear of it is to want one, and to see it is to buy one. Send 4c. in stamps for illustrated catalogue and price list. (Lady in attendance.)

H. D. LAYMAN, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

The Automatic Reel

The Little Finger Does it.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. it will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. *Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.*

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

YAWMAN & ERBE,
Please mention this paper. **Rochester, N. Y.**

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	4 00
HARPER'S ROUND TABLE	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

For Beauty,
For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only POZZONI'S POWDER; there is nothing equal to it.

If afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c. and 25c. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.